JOHN BULL, MAY 23, 1936

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIX.
1562.

THE KING "GETS TO KNOW" (SEE PAGE 9)

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J.B. 23/5/36.

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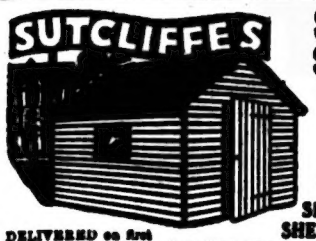

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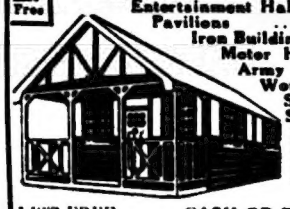

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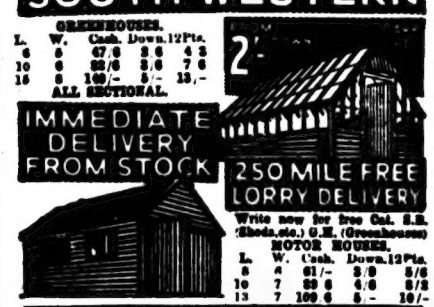

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Never have you seen anything so entertaining—so thrilling! "ZOO" puts before the eyes of every man, woman and child, in 64 big pages and all the realism and richness of photogravure, the most fascinating word-and-picture cavalcade of living things ever gathered together in any magazine. The creatures of the wild, the animals in the Zoos, the pets at home, the beauties and wonders of Nature—they're all in "ZOO."

No. 1, out Wed., May 27, contains *over 100 striking illustrations by the world's best nature photographers and artists—wonderful pictures from jungle and field, desert and sea—the most thrilling life-in-action pictures you've ever seen!* They include a fascinating animal map of the World—amazing wild animal scenes on Africa's Highways—the dreaded locusts swarms in action—an irresistible two-page panorama of the world's smallest bear—etc.

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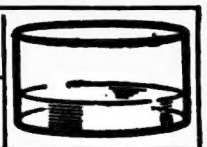
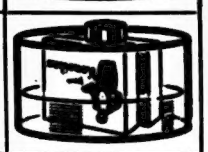
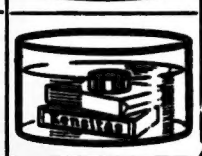
No. 1 OUT WED. MAY 27

"THANK GOODNESS—AND KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS* THERE'S AT LEAST ONE PLAIN-TIP CIGARETTE THAT NEVER GETS ROUGH WITH MY THROAT"
Rabbi Lynn
NOTED COMEDIAN

TOO MUCH OR TOO LITTLE MOISTURE RUINS A CIGARETTE. SO KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS* ARE MOISTURE CONTROLLED RIGHT UP TO THE TIME OF YOUR PURCHASE

Mr. Lynn made this MOISTURE CONTROL Test:

1	HERE IT IS—YOU TRY HIS DRASTIC TEST!— Mr. Lynn put an inch of water in a flat-bottomed dish.	
2	He placed a 20 packet of KENSITAS in its new Moisture Control wrapping, top end down, in water so that packet stood upright with its sealed end submerged. He did the same with a 20 packet wrapped the usual way and laid a weight across the packets to hold in position.	
3	After five minutes, he lifted the weight, placed packets one on top of other, flat on water, replaced weight, and left submerged for five more minutes (packets were both completely covered with water).	

RESULT: On opening, cigarettes wrapped usual way were wet. KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS in the new Moisture Control wrapping were still in perfect smoking condition.

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JOHN BULL

Without Fear or Favour

Simon puts his FOOT in it

So astounding has been the recent growth of the club habit in Great Britain that to-day one adult person in every five is a member of a *bona-fide* establishment.

The membership of 4,800 clubs recognised by the police and the authorities as genuine and well conducted is not less than 4,000,000, one-half of that total being represented by working-men's clubs and institutes.

The ordinary Englishman has come to regard his club as his castle as much as he does his home. *But now his fortress is in danger. His privacy is likely to be invaded and shattered.*

A great opportunity comes this week-end to the clubmen of Britain to make it known that they will meet the menace to their rights and freedom with fierce resistance.

Six hundred delegates, representing the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, will meet at Blackpool and be invited to consider the recent declaration of Sir John Simon, the Home Secretary, that he intends in the next Parliamentary session to introduce legislation for the better control and supervision of all clubs.

Members of working men's clubs are likely to be perpetually harassed and to have their privacy destroyed by giving the police free power of entry. Would the police prowl round rich men's clubs like this?

We can forecast the intentions of the Simon Bill almost with certainty, and say that unless they are modified they will be found to constitute an exceedingly grave encroachment on civil and personal liberty.

☆ ★ ☆

An ideal plan for the proper regulation of clubs was recently placed before the Government and the House of Commons by agreement among genuine clubs of all kinds, from the exclusive London West End clubs to the humblest working men's social centres in the depressed industrial areas. The scheme also had the support of all golf clubs and other sporting, athletic and recreation clubs of every type.

It was not acceptable to the Government. Instead, Sir John Simon intends to bring in a Bill that, unless he is forced by public opinion to change his mind, is bound to contain two most obnoxious proposals.

One is that in future the police shall be given the right of entry to *all* clubs; the other that the registration of clubs will be placed in the hands of the licensing justices.

The greatest cause for alarm at the Home Office plan is the proposal to confer the power of free entry upon the police. That would put an end for all time to the sanctity and privacy of genuine club life.

The argument that well-conducted and innocent clubs need have nothing to fear from police inspection, and that rich and poor men's clubs will be liable to be treated alike, is futile and beside the point.

We cannot imagine constables in uniform prowling round famous clubs like the Athenæum or the Constitutional to find out whether anybody is imbibing after the permitted hours or participating in an illegal game of housey-housey. But we can well imagine the members of working men's clubs and institutes being perpetually harassed in this objectionable manner.

The reason for the suggestion to give the police free access to clubs is that it has become necessary to wipe out the bogus or one-man club, thousands of which, under a lax system of registration, have sprung into existence lately throughout the country.

Many of them are the haunts of idlers, gamblers, hard drinkers and gangsters. Many others serve as thieves' kitchens. Their freedom from inspection makes them the safest resort for criminals, crooks, undesirables and immoral men and women.

☆ ★ ☆

The managers of more than 50 per cent. of the bogus clubs on the register are known to the Home Office to be the nominees and dummies of master criminals.

To seek to crush these haunts and breeding grounds of vice by general police visitation of all clubs is a tedious and almost impossible method, apart altogether from its open menace to personal privacy. The obvious and only sensible device to suppress the bogus club is to stifle it at birth. That can be done best by making the county and borough councils, not the licensing justices, the registration authorities.

Under the present law, no tribunal exists for dealing with club registration. Any private person can promote a club anywhere simply by filling up a form and handing it in with a fee of 5s. to the justices' clerk.

He cannot be refused registration whatever his character or whatever his record, not even if he is a convicted criminal. Nor can he be refused, even if the club is in a cellar.

Clearly this is a state of affairs which cannot longer be tolerated. But to entrust the destiny of clubs to the licensing justices is an unwholesome suggestion.

To begin with, in genuine clubs drinking is moderate and quite secondary to their ordinary activities as social centres. For that reason alone they should not be linked up in this manner with the machinery for the control of the licensed trade.

Much more serious, however, is the fact that the courts of licensing justices are packed by "temperance" extremists. They are men and women justices who never function in the public service from one year's end to the other and who only appear on the Bench when the annual opportunity comes to put their fingers in the licensing pie.

They see no unfairness in exerting their biased authority on these occasions, although no justice who has the slightest connection with the licensed trade, even if he or she is only a small shareholder in a restaurant which occasionally sells drink, is allowed to sit on the Bench.

The idea of putting clubs at the mercy of tribunals like these is indefensible.

☆ ★ ☆

If the sensible and simple plan of making the local councils registration authorities was adopted, any club which cannot show a legitimate purpose for its promotion would not be able to get on the register, and the existing spurious clubs would automatically pass out of existence in twelve months when they made their first applications for renewal of registrations.

Genuine clubs would, of course, also come under this new law, and they would have to put up with a certain amount of additional regulation and obligation. They will not mind that so long as it will rid the club movement of its present disgrace.

The rejection of such a scheme by the Government and its preference for direct police supervision can only be attributed to the triumphant influence of the bureaucrats upon the Home Office.

If the working men's clubs' representatives raise the standard of battle at Blackpool this week-end, they can be sure that public opinion will honour their colours.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

We Want No Labour Exchange Conscription

KEEP your eyes on the "conscription" plotters!

The Government's recruiting campaign has failed so completely that certain would-be despots advocate the stoppage of transitional benefit to young unemployed men who will not join the Army, Navy or Air Force.

In other words, they want "conscription by intimidation."

To be sure, they have not yet made this demand in public. But behind the scenes there is a growing conspiracy to force employment exchange officials to act as recruiting sergeants.

Bitter conflict

In the next few days a committee of enquiry is to be set up to consider how far the exchanges should be used to aid recruiting.

We are glad to know that this step has not been taken without the emphatic disapproval of the Ministry of Labour officials. Their objections have been overcome, however, by the Defence Departments, and the committee will include representatives of the War Office, Admiralty and Air Ministry.

And we may expect the bitter conflict which has preceded its appointment to be continued.

Compulsion

At the moment, employment exchanges display the usual posters which advertise the advantages of military life. Recruiting literature is given only to those unemployed men who ask for it.

As a first step, it is proposed that such literature should be given compulsorily to every man on the registers.

Others, as we have said, go farther. "Join up and see the world, or lose the 'dole,'" is the slogan they would like to enforce.

We'll watch 'em

Now, we need hardly say that we are by no means "anti-recruiting." But we refuse to tolerate peace-time conscription however it may be disguised, and we are convinced that the great majority of the public share our view.

For the present, we shall do no more than warn our readers of the dangers which attend the subjects to be discussed by the official committee.

We shall examine its deliberations with the closest scrutiny. We shall also watch out for "conscription" wire-pulling behind the scenes.

Keeping him out

It seems that our statesmen are not very anxious for the Emperor of Abyssinia to visit either Britain or Geneva. But why do they think his presence would be an "embarrassment"?

Either they are ashamed to meet him face to face, or they dread giving offence to Mussolini. Which is it?

B.B.C. sets

If there is to be a fight, we shall be on the side of the Radio Manufacturers' Association against any State monopoly of the production and sale of wireless sets.

Should the Ullswater Committee's recommendation be adopted (and we're pretty sure it won't) it would carry the B.B.C.'s authority to the point of autocracy.

Let Broadcasting House be a source of recreation rather than a factory for mass-producing radio sets!

Crazy law

The law, so often an ass, descends to stark idiocy in the matter of cab fares.

The Court of Appeal has just had to decide that when two friends hire a taxi and agree to share the fare they are guilty of a criminal offence.

We can't blame the Court but our legislators for that. And the sooner they abolish this grotesque "crime," the sooner shall we give them credit for a little sense.

The record we want

The best news we've heard for six years comes from the latest unemployment figures. Now at 1,831,000, they are the lowest since 1930. Those for employed persons, 10,712,000, are the highest ever.

But let no one make them an excuse for smugness or apathy.

The record we want is the provision of jobs for those 1,831,000 unlucky ones.

Snoopers in action

What we could do without are the official snoopers who do their best to increase the worries of the jobless.

A fresh gang of them are now enjoying themselves in Derbyshire. There, men drawing statutory unemployment benefit, are asked by employment exchange officials such questions as: How much do you spend on drink? How much do you spend on certain household items?

Who is to blame?

If a workless man spends more than he should on drink, the more fool he. If his wife spends the rest to poor advantage, so much the worse for her.

But even if there are such cases, what have they to do with anyone else? The "dole" is not really a dole, but insurance benefit which comes to a man by right.

So we hope those Derbyshire busybodies will get their knuckles rapped as sharply as they deserve. Or can it be their masters in Whitehall who are really responsible for this new inquisition!

Rents too cheap

But we don't share the criticism about the questions put to some householders. The latter are those who live in municipal houses and thus enjoy rent subsidies paid by the other ratepayers.

Birmingham is the latest to comb out such tenants. Those with incomes above the ordinary standard will have to pay the full economic rent or move out.

Good for Birmingham! We know of cases in other towns where £10-a-week men occupy subsidised houses.

And though local councils have been told to get rid of these people and let the houses to the poor, too few have taken action.

Widow and a will

Everyone with a spark of decency will be feeling sorry for the widow of Dr. Charles Booth Meller, of Glamorgan.

The doctor's great ambition was to have a son and heir. Twelve years ago he married his woman assistant; four daughters were born to them, but no son.

In his will he has left less than 10s. a week to his wife and the rest of his £33,000 fortune to the four little girls!

Injustice

"Rather disappointing," the widow philosophically puts it. We prefer to describe it as an abominable shame.

Almost as damnable is the law which allows a vindictive man or woman to exercise their spite from the grave.

How much longer must we wait for our representatives at Westminster to end such a scandal for good and all?

Early pensions

We wish the best of luck to the thousands of spinsters who are going to approach M.P.s in the next few weeks with a demand for old-age pensions at fifty-five.

They argue that most of the widows are pensioners by that age, and the spinsters who have worked hard all their lives ought not to be less well off.

But, though we wish them well, we know Mr. Neville Chamberlain is too busy spending £300,000,000 on arms to spare £3,000,000 for the spinsters. Anyway, we want to see pensions at fifty-five not only for them, but for all workers.

A holiday they need

Many thousands of children will see neither the sea nor the country during their holidays this year. Their parents are too poor.

Education authorities allow classes of the elder children to go for a fortnight to seaside or country and there combine lessons with recreation. They learn history and geography, gain general knowledge and improve in health. But the parents have to pay the cost, wholly or in part.

Why not give a grant so that the poorest youngsters can accompany the more fortunate ones and enjoy holiday-schooling?

Heroine in the dock

Something more than sympathy should be felt for Mrs. Emma Taylor, the London woman arrested for begging.

Her war-crippled husband, who cannot work, gets 12s. a week pension. Mrs. Taylor has kept the home going by selling flowers or doing washing; often she has gone without food so that her eight children should not suffer.

The other day, with no food in the house for any of them, she begged in the streets.

A woman has been called heroic for less endeavour.

Notice to quit

Then, after being placed on probation for daring to beg, she went home to receive notice to quit her home because of overcrowding!

Let us repeat that sympathy is not enough for such helpless victims of adversity. Such hopeless poverty should be abolished from our midst.

Box and Cox

Though millions of public money have been spent on housing reform, some districts are still getting a raw deal.

The housing shortage in Yorkshire is so acute that, in many homes, miners sharing a bedroom are having to work different shifts so as to take it in turns to occupy the same bed. So if, as we are often told, miners are in a constant state of unrest, no one need wonder at it.

Discouraging

And in Scotland you find that Hamilton men are having to travel thirty miles a day to and from work because they can't get houses near Cardowan. Another 500 men will soon be needed there, but though the county council is willing to build houses for them it cannot obtain a Government grant.

It is the policy of our rulers to help men get jobs and keep them—in theory, but not in practice.

Clean them up!

Private employment agencies, often criticised by us for their excessive charges and other abuses, should have been cleaned up long ago.

We welcome the move being made in this direction in London. But it must not be confined to one city.

We need a country-wide campaign against the bogus and profiteering agencies of every description.

Carrots and caviare

It is pretty sad to hear that patients in health resorts have been served with carrots instead of caviare owing to the doctor's scribble on their diet cards.

But we are much more concerned about the graver results which a badly written prescription may entail. Not a few lives have been lost in this way during the last year or so.

Doctors are busy men, of course. But is it too much to expect them to be as careful in writing out a prescription as in making a diagnosis?

Note of warning

We warn shopkeepers against a new swindle operated by men calling themselves "bill inspectors" for local kinemas. The "inspector" asks the trader to display kinema advertisements in exchange for complimentary tickets, but demands 5s. in advance for a frame for the bills.

We need hardly say that if he gets the money no more is heard of him.

Youth in revolt

We don't wonder at the distaste shown by workless youths at South Shields for compulsory attendance at instructional centres. Complaining that young people between the ages of fourteen and sixteen defy the regulations, a councillor says they "seem to feel that while they do not get financial benefit there is no need to turn up."

No doubt these centres have their educational advantages. But isn't a disinclination to be compelled to do something for nothing just as natural in youngsters as in grown-ups?

Buried alive

In Lanarkshire a baby born alive is thought to be dead, carried away in an undertaker's bag, left in an office—and next morning is found to be alive.

Now it really has died.

The idea of people being buried alive is supposed to be a fiction. Such cases make us wonder.

Wicked

Fewer children are getting free milk.

And the children dropping out are those that need it most.

But there you are. The wicked thing is that milk cannot be supplied on the grounds of poverty, but only if the youngster shows signs of lack of nutrition.

Burned boy

Mr. Sidney E. Parkes, Chairman of the Battersea General Hospital, writes denying the allegation in our issue of May 2 that Reginald Fisher, a young patient suffering with burns, was not seen by a doctor when he went to the hospital for treatment.

Mr Parkes informs us that the child was attended to by a doctor on April 6 and 7 and that every precaution and care were taken concerning him.

We are extremely glad to hear that this is so, and naturally give publicity to Mr. Parkes' denial.

A Job Not for the B.B.C.

The Widow Out of the Will

It must never come to this!

The KING This WEEK . . . by John DRINKWATER

His Majesty 'Gets to Know'

I SUPPOSE our statesmen are none too happy about the way things have been going lately, and small wonder. But the permanent Services, as usual, have come up to scratch. The King's message to Sir Sidney Barton, the British Minister at Addis Ababa, congratulating him on the splendid work of the Legation during the Ethiopian catastrophe, was richly deserved.

The King followed precedent in receiving Lord Willingdon at the Palace on his return from the Viceroyship of India, and announcing his elevation in the peerage from an earldom to a marquisate.

But it is entirely characteristic of the new King's ways that after the formal reception, he had a long private talk with Lord Willingdon on Indian affairs, in which his own wide personal knowledge enabled him to appreciate the full value of many intimate facts that he learnt concerning the state of things in his eastern empire, facts that do not appear in the official reports.

★ ★ ★

I say characteristic, because the King is an adept in leaving the servants of the Crown and his staff to do their jobs in the assurance that they have his entire confidence, and at the same time in acquiring from them every scrap of information that may be of use to him in his own supremely responsible task.

When the King goes to India, which he means to do as soon as possible after the Coronation, the recollections of his unofficial talk with Lord Willingdon will be of more value than many diplomatic minutes.

Not that the King is ever for a moment insensitive to the official discipline of State affairs. It is his strength that he knows exactly how to use his own gifts and character to their best advantage for the public good within the framework of the Constitution.

He is at the head of a great partnership and the traditions will be scrupulously observed. But we shall be all the better as a going concern for the service of his experience and his imagination.

The King also received Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, happily recovered from his illness. Again it was more than a formal call. The King wanted to know at first hand that all was well with the health of his Minister after his operation, and the talk was a personal one. Why depend on official bulletins when you can "see for yourself"? That is the King's attitude in general.

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I see that Sir William Llewellyn has been received at the Palace to discuss the business of the Royal Academy, of which he is president. It was the late King's custom once a year to give an evening to consultation on the arts with the president of the Royal Academy, the Master of the King's Musick, and the Poet Laureate, each of whom holds his appointment from the Crown.

These contacts will not be neglected at the new Court. I am told that it is the King's intention to continue the annual award of the medal given by his father for the best work of the year by a young poet.

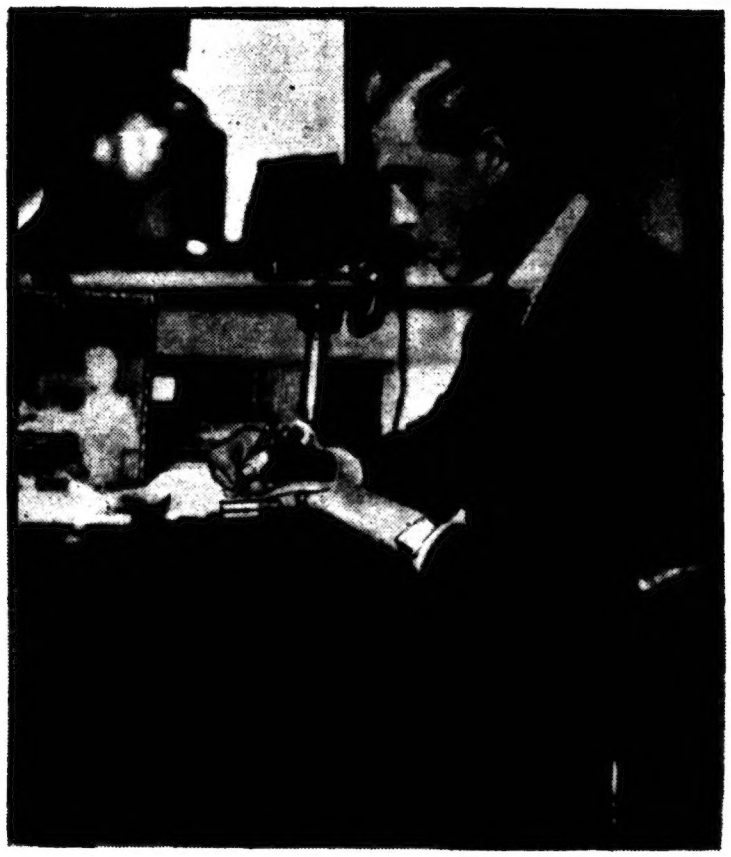
Mr. John Masefield, the present Laureate, who must have smiled to himself when asked the other day by an interviewer what he was doing about a Coronation Ode, is one of His Majesty's advisers in making the selection for this award.

★ ★ ★

Musically, the King's taste might perhaps be described rather as cheerful than exacting. He was something of a performer on the banjo at Oxford. But he also has an enthusiasm for the bagpipes, which after all make the most thrilling music in the world. He has even written a tune for them.

If the late Sir Edward Elgar had still been the Master of his Musick, he might have emulated Disraeli, who once ventured to associate himself with his Sovereign by saying to Queen Victoria, after the publication of her Highland journal, "We authors, ma'am, know better." The King would have risen readily enough to the wit of "We composers, sir."

The King has just added to his private collection a drawing of himself and his three brothers mounting guard in Westminster Hall during King George's lying-in-state. He has an old-fashioned prejudice in favour of pictures that tell a story. So had most of the great painters of the world.



An intimate study of King Edward, taken at Buckingham Palace

★ ★ ★

The lease that the King has taken of the Glen Callater deer forest in Aberdeenshire for the coming autumn has given great satisfaction up north as an indication that the long personal associations of the royal house with Scotland are to be maintained, but it has nothing to do with the King's interests as a sportsman.

It is probable that the Duke of York will enjoy the deer-stalking and grouse-shooting, in which the King himself now takes little pleasure.

When he was exploring the world as Prince of Wales he was an experienced big-game hunter, and seldom returned from the great reserves without saying that he looked forward to another visit. But in time he found that on these expeditions a camera could be as thrilling as a gun, and more interesting.

When he goes to Glen Callater presently the deer are likelier to find themselves on a movie screen than in the larder.

The King's fancy nowadays is for a horse rather than for a gun. The times when he was a somewhat alarmingly fearless figure on the steeplechase course and in the hunting field are past, but we may yet see him taking a personal part in the fortunes of his racing stable at present under the control of Lord Derby.

The King is a sound judge of a horse, and if that day should come nothing could be so popular at Epsom as another King's Derby. There has not been one since Minoru won for King Edward VII in 1909.

In the meantime, one horse at least is to be added to the royal stables. A new State charger is to go into training to succeed the late King's "Brownie" on ceremonial occasions.

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Pressure of work gives the King little time nowadays even for his favoured squash rackets and golf, though in becoming Patron of the Royal and Ancient at St. Andrews he is renewing very happy memories. And it is probable that he could still give that august body's new captain, Sir John Simon (handicap 12), a good game.

The King does, in fact, still manage to get a little practice at week-ends, and I hear from a famous player who has had an opportunity of watching him that he is driving a longer ball than ever, often, indeed, "out of sight," as they say.

My friend Lord Horder, the King's Physician in Ordinary, has just declared "It can be said with every emphasis that the King is in good health." Those drives sound like it.

Oddly enough, the King is also now for the first time a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes. He was elected as Prince of Wales, only to be told by his father that he could not accept membership as he owned no yacht.

The committee was much embarrassed, but rules were rules, and there was no more to be said about it. Now the King has inherited the *Victoria and Albert*.

★ ★ ★

King George for many years made a practice of carrying a pocketful of corn and crusts when walking in the Palace grounds. This was for the great variety of wild birds that find sanctuary there in the heart of London.

I am told that the new King has adopted these pensioners, and that already they look to him as they did to his father for their rations as by prescriptive right. With summer coming on, however, they often have to be served by a deputy, for the garden at Fort Belvedere is calling. After eighteen months the King is beginning to see the reward of his intensive recreation among the flower-beds at his country house, and he is taking every advantage of it that he can.

★ ★ ★

I must conclude this week's notes with a contrite apology. Among the friendly letters that these articles have already brought me are several from Scotsmen denouncing me for calling Edward VIII "King of England." I am used to that sort of thing at home, where my wife, who is an Australian, frequently tells me off for the same reason.

Well, it's a trick of speech, that's all. But I am penitent. In future may we all take it that when I write of the King, I write of one who is according to his titles "By the Grace of God King of Great Britain, Northern Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India."

And if any Scotsman whom I have offended should be in London at any time I should like to stand him one of his own.

1930: Promised—1936: Still Missing..

SCANDAL of the Nursery

TRAINED WHILE AT PLAY.—*Children in the few nursery schools we have are taught tidiness while at play—everything is cleared up afterwards by the children themselves*

FIFTEEN thousand children die every year in this country before they reach the age of five.

Of the survivors who enter elementary schools at that age, 95,000 (or nearly a third of the total) are physically defective in one way or another. "The School Medical Service," says Sir Frederick Menzies, Medical Officer of Health of the London County Council, "is the receiver of damaged goods."

A recent survey showed that eight out of every ten children entering school showed signs of rickets, six in every ten had adenoids or bronchial trouble in some degree, nine had dental defects, five showed various after-effects of disease contracted in early childhood.

They were fit

It is doubtful whether there is any other great civilised country which in 1936 can produce similar figures. They should be inscribed over the portals of the Chamber of the House of Commons where the Defence millions will be debated in a few weeks.

We quote them here because they are just another angle on the Government's appalling record with regard to children's education.

Over six years ago the famous Hadow Committee of the Board of Education was examining the amazing results obtained by nursery schools in lessening the dreadful toll of child illness. There were sixty of those schools then, half of them run by voluntary bodies and the other half by a few of the more enlightened local authorities.

They took children from two years to five, fed them during school hours, gave them medical attention and kindergarten training. They produced fit children of an age to enter the primary schools.

Among the children who attended these nursery schools, invalidism was brought down from the general level of 27 per cent. to 5 per cent.

Three years later—by 1933—the number of nursery schools in the entire country had increased by only six, and Sir George Newman, then the Chief Medical Officer to the Ministry of Health, was saying: "We still permit the prevalence of defect among children aged one to five to continue, with the inevitable result that large numbers are admitted to schools every year *requiring immediate medical treatment . . . it is a wasteful process in money and disease.*"

Since that report of Sir George Newman ("Health of the School Child") other authorities beyond number have said the same thing.

One of the latest is Dr. MacLaren, Director of Education in Scotland. Pleading for more nursery schools and provision for the pre-school child, he said that "neglect of temperament and emotion in these young children means an undue provision of asylums later . . . neglect on the physical side necessitates expensive remedial services at clinics and hospitals."

In the face of all the striking and unanswerable arguments, what has the Government done?

Four times in five years it has suggested that local authorities might "survey the needs" in their areas and submit proposals for assistance to the Board of Education.

But the Board's only practical steps have been systematically to obstruct and cancel all plans for more nursery schools. In 1931 fifty new and additional nursery schools were proposed by various local authorities and the plans approved. But the Board scrapped the lot.

Cheaper

There are *still* only sixty-six recognised nursery schools in the country, the same position as three years ago. They accommodate only about 5,000 children of pre-school age. But there are 1,770,000 children of nursery school age, so only about one in every 400 is catered for.

Of the rest, 156,000 children between the ages of three and five are kindly allowed by the Board to go to elementary schools—there they are jammed into "infants'" classes or into the few "nursery classes" which have been hurriedly scratched together, in the elementary schools—on the principle that it is cheaper to run these than to build proper nursery schools.

In its last circular the Board stated that the "main requirements for a nursery school are sunny, well-lighted, warm and airy premises, sufficiently spacious for development of activities of mind and body." There is a grim mockery about that statement when we compare it with what the Board has achieved to date, and with the conditions which it tolerates in many of the nursery classes now established.

Miss Lilian de Lissa, Chairman of the Nursery Schools Association, at a recent conference held at University College, London, described some of the conditions which obtain at many of these makeshift classes in elementary schools.

Systems condemned

"Children under five years of age were crowded into rooms that were stuffy, ill-ventilated, sunless and dreary. The furniture was old and unsuitable. There were a few shabby picture-books and broken toys masquerading as educational apparatus, and really nothing worth while for the children to do."

She spoke about the lack of play facilities and the stupid "schooling" that began too early. There were headmistresses at some of these schools who "impressed" upon their staffs that children went to school to "learn," not to play about, and had to be "broken in to school ways," and prepared for the infant department proper with the least possible waste of time.

All the leading educationists had condemned the systems introduced, so different from those in use at the proper nursery schools.

"To prevent little children from play and to keep them sitting learning letters and sums, docile, quiet and disciplined, *was just cold-blooded murder of some of the most valuable qualities of a human being.*"

The conditions which brought forth those remarks are more general than most people suppose. And they are perpetuated by the various economy Orders and circulars of the Board of Education.

On the one hand the Board tells the local authorities to "survey their needs" in the way of nursery schools, and on the other it says (in another circular) that "careful consideration" of the number of children below five in elementary schools must be made before a nursery school is started.

In other words, "Don't dare to build a nursery school if the children are already putting up with what they can get in the elementary schools."

What very young children have to put up with can be gathered from this description of an infants' school in his area which has been sent to us by a North Country clergyman:—

"The infants are taught in a public reading room. It is quite unsuitable. Very draughty, badly lighted and smells of stale tobacco smoke. It is also dirty. If the infants want to use a lavatory they must walk along a main road at a dangerous bend for 200 yards to the main school. It is quite exposed, and the children often get wet through on the journey.

"The children come out of the classroom door right on to the road where there is no footpath. They step blindly on to lines of traffic which is heavy—cars, buses and lorries often speeding round the bend.

"The main school, whose amenities they must use and to which the infants will graduate, has been consistently condemned by H.M. Inspectors for twenty years. The sanitary accommodation is primitive and objectionable. One wash-basin for 100 children and one earth closet for forty-seven boys."

Obviously, that school is in a district where the local authorities care nothing for the well-being of the children—and the Board of Education cares less.

There are other districts which have put up a great fight against the purblind meanness of the Board and, even when they have lost, have turned to and made things a little better for the infants.

Only £6,000

Hull is an example. They have not got a nursery school, because the Board flatly refused to contribute to the cost. So the Labour Council started nursery classes for youngsters from three years old to five. They picked the best rooms they could find in certain elementary schools, and remodelled and refurnished them for the tots.

There are ten classes now in different parts of the city. Toddlers get play lessons under expert supervision, and are taught to brush their teeth and other elements of hygiene. They drink milk every morning, and sleep in special cots during certain periods of their school day.

Where the local authorities are sufficiently enlightened, and where they have the strength and persistence to beat the obstruction tactics of Whitehall, you get beautiful nursery schools like one opened a few days ago at Swansea. It accommodates 160 children between

SCHOOLS

BETTER THAN STREET GAMES.—*And safer, too. Fresh air and clean and bright surroundings is what these schools mean to the children who are fortunate enough to have one in their locality*

LIFE'S LITILE LESSONS.—*Cleanliness and tidiness are two important lessons that nursery schools teach. And this valuable work of making good citizens of the future costs but £12 a year per child!*

two and five years old. It is built facing south, and contains three grass playing areas and a sandpit in its grounds.

Inside it has a completely equipped doctor's room, kitchens, bathrooms, a pram shelter and nursery armchairs, tables, beds. There are swings, see-saws, and even hutches for keeping pets.

Working mothers and others bring their little ones to the school at about 9 a.m. They are bathed and have their teeth cleaned and then have breakfast at 9.30. After that they have play lessons till lunch. After lunch they rest or sleep on light camp beds covered with bright-coloured shawls. On awaking they have a bowl of milk. Then more play lessons till mother comes to take them home.

That school cost a matter of only £6,000 to erect and equip. It is the first of its kind in the whole of Wales. One of only about sixty in the country. And this is 1936!

The 5,000 children these schools accommodate are the lucky ones. The other million odd stay at home, all kinds of homes from slum rooms to workers' flats, playing about under kitchen tables or in the streets, tended by mother in her harassed spare moments, or "looked after" by neighbours if mother has to go out to work.

They must spend their days in every kind of environment, good, bad and indifferent, through all their most formative years, until their fifth birthday dawns and the infants' school swallows them up with all their legacies of acquired illness or backwardness.

Between the promises that the Board of Education made about nursery schools six years ago and their performance in the interval there is a big gap. It is a bit too late to ask the local authorities to start "surveying their needs" as the Board did in the circular last January. And a pretty useless request if it is hedged round by all kinds of restrictions about the cost of these nursery schools.

We want these schools *now*—a direct order from the Board incumbent on all the authorities, with generous open grants to make up for the long delay.

Haphazard

We do *not* want "delay tactics" circulars asking for more information and leaving loopholes open for the advantage of economy-mad local councils.

At the other end of the scale of school life is technical education.

In this country vocational education has always been a haphazard growth. But the position to-day is that owing to the chaos of administration and economy we are far worse off than almost all civilised countries.

Mr. Oliver Stanley, President of the Board of Education, admitted as much when, a few months ago, he announced a "seven-year plan" for technical education. He said that the scheme *would bring our technical education up to the level of our competitors.*

Note that phrase. It is a nice admission to make on behalf of a country which lives or dies on the quality of its manufactured products.

According to Mr. Stanley the leeway to be made up will mean spending about £12,000,000. That is the minimum sum.

But it is to be spread over seven years. And the Government is to provide only half the amount. The rest is to be found by the local authorities, who will have the final word as to whether any money is spent at all.

We know what that means.

There are districts where local industries have been crying out for boys with technical training for the past ten years and they have been unable to get them.

In the whole of England and Wales there is accommodation for only about 22,000 boys in the junior technical schools (for those under sixteen), and about 8,000 in the senior schools (for those over sixteen). Trade schools where boys and girls are prepared for a defined vocation are almost entirely limited to London.

In very few places is any encouragement or assistance offered to young people to embark on a technical course. Often, indeed, there is the reverse—as when a technical college in one town charges higher fees to boys from outlying areas.

The local authorities' complete control over all facilities for technical education is responsible in a great part for the general lack of it in this country. Responsible, too, for the poor and ill-equipped schools which exist. Some of them date back to the early industrial era of last century. One of the worst of those Black List schools we described two weeks ago was a technical school.

The combined meanness of the Government and the inertia of the local authorities are responsible for the drift of tens of thousands of children every year into non-productive industries like the distributive and catering trades where they form a dual burden on the nation. From fourteen to sixteen they displace grown-up labour, and at sixteen they "get the sack" and so help to swell the unemployed lists.

The reason

There is space to deal only briefly with the other subject to which we referred last week—the village colleges. These institutions, a school and a community hall for adult education and social purposes were the idea of the Director of Education for Cambridge.

When the King as Prince of Wales opened the first one in 1930 at Sawston, in Cambridgeshire, it was said that the scheme would mean the salvation of the many isolated rural communities throughout England, and that it was to be adopted everywhere.

That was six years ago. To-day, Cambridgeshire is still the only county which possesses these institutions.

Is there any remedy for the shameful condition into which our educational system has drifted?

By "this country" we mean England and Wales. Hardly one of the strictures we have applied in the course of these articles applies to Scotland. Twenty, thirty, even forty years ago there were elementary and secondary schools in Scotland which were equal in design, equipment and in teaching "ideas" to anything that is being erected in England and Wales to-day.

And the reason is single control and single responsibility.

"Passing the buck"

In England and Wales everything to do with the accommodation and structure of school buildings comes within the province of the *Minstry of Health*, not the Board of Education. This division in practice makes it difficult to assign responsibility for defects. One department "passes the buck" to the other.

The way to end the scandal of the rotten old schools and the rotten new schools and the "No schools at all" is to give the Board full and complete powers on *all* matters pertaining to education—which includes its own staff of engineers, architects and building experts, with the authority to carry out plans.

All the *extra* but essential adjuncts to education, like nursery schools, technical schools, and so on, should also be taken out of the hands of the local authorities and placed under the central administration of the Board.

Then, and *only then*, will it be possible to carry through a proper implemented scheme of education, national in scope and at least as advanced in conception as that in many other countries with a far emptier Exchequer than our own.

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

You Know the Truth, Amy!

Deeds, Not Words, Mr. Baldwin—Where M.P.s Should Go—Too Handy with the Birch—A Bad Debt Disgrace

DEAR AMY MOLLISON,—I'm glad you've done it—and so say all of us.

All the world loves a trier, and even for so persistent a record-breaker as yourself the flight to the Cape and back is a grand achievement, a great personal triumph for you whatever may be its value to aviation.

For the worth of record-breaking has depreciated enormously since you first blazoned your name across the newspapers of the world six years ago.

Then you, a rather forlorn, shy, hesitant girl from the North, astounded us by your pluck and skill in flying solo from Britain to Australia—the first woman to do it.

Since then you have won our recognition as our greatest air-woman; though women fliers come and go you have over and over again shown us you still remain supreme.

* * *

Since then, too, there has been such a revolution in aviation that that first flight of yours would to-day be a commonplace event.

It is a revolution, I fancy, you regret. For flying is losing its romance, quickly and inevitably.

"Five years ago," you said on your arrival at Cape Town the other day, "my flight would have seemed hazardous in the extreme. I now feel there is no story in it, because nothing eventful happened. No forced landings among savages, no crossing shark-infested seas, no pointing revolvers at lions."

Well, you know the truth and are not afraid to admit it.

You did the outward journey in four days, though in 1920 the record stood at forty-three days. But even that cannot compensate for the thrills which you missed.

* * *

Such thrills are bound to become more and more rare. Flying has passed the "hit or miss" stage when anything might happen.

It has so firmly established itself as a means of speedy long-distance travel that it doesn't even need new records to advertise its possibilities, or "stunts" to make us air-minded.

You, I know, realise this. You have said that long-distance flying will in future be for the sportsman and on the same level as motor-racing.

So, though you and Jim Mollison, your husband, are planning fresh conquests—a round-the-world trip and stratosphere flights—I shall not blame you if you decide after all to take the rest you so richly deserve.

But, whether you do or not, you have the best wishes and admiration of—

JOHN BULL.

"Cape and back—and no story in it. You know the truth"

HERBERT SUTCLIFFE,
Yorkshire and England

DEAR HERBERT,—I'm not writing to congratulate you for disguising yourself with a moustache to play for your old battalion in Jamaica two months ago—the moustache falling off after you knocked each of the first nine balls for six.

I am congratulating the War Office. It has just made this interesting fact known. And I've often thought it wasn't human!

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN,
Prime Minister

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—You are right—the question of changes in the League of Nations will have to be faced.

All machinery needs cleaning and oiling from time to time, and the League machinery is no exception. It creaks, it is painfully slow, it is apt to break down. By all means let it be overhauled and speeded up, for its sorry performance during the long agony of Abyssinia has almost exhausted the world's patience.

But don't blame the machinery alone for that. Part of the responsibility rests on the statesmen who control it. They, too, need a change—of heart.

And though you "do not intend to accept blame for what has happened," the public will not let you off so lightly. Under your direction, our attitude at Geneva has wavered between "get things done" and "wait and see," to say nothing of the Hoare-Laval proposals which you approved and which would have defeated the League's aims.

Do you think the public's memory is really so short as it is supposed to be?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. MABANE, M.P.,
Buckingham Gate, London

DEAR MR. MABANE,—I am surprised you are alarmed by Mr. Chamberlain's Bill for £1,000,000 to start new enterprises in the distressed areas. I should have thought the only thing to worry about was its utter inadequacy. But you fear it may enable some future dictator to spend a hundred times as much for the same purpose without anyone being able to say "Nay."

Well, a hundred millions would do very well. You should take a trip to those industrial wildernesses of ours to find something really worth worrying about.

JOHN BULL.

The MARQUIS OF BUTE,
Mount Stuart, Rothesay

MY LORD,—Again you are standing in the path of progress. I can't blame the people on your land for wondering if they will ever be able to get things done, for you oppose almost every public scheme.

This time it is Millport, the Clyde holiday resort, which wants to build a Marine Parade so that children and holiday-makers will be kept off the roadway. The Ministry of Transport, I'm glad to hear, is willing to pay 60 per cent. of the cost.

But you say there must be no encroachment of the foreshore, and you refuse to sell what can be of little use to you but of great use to others.

Well, I hope the county council will once again fight you—and beat you.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, M.P.,
Under-Secretary, Home Office

DEAR SIR,—I learn with dismay that more children are being birched now than for years past. Nearly twice as many were dealt with in this way than in 1930!

There are far too many magistrates, obviously, who think the only way to cure a child of naughtiness is a whipping administered by a burly constable. They do not know or do not care, apparently, that this degrading punishment makes the child a rebel in nearly every case.

You must tell them so again. And I hope you'll use emphatic language.

JOHN BULL.

Sir GODFREY COLLINS,
Secretary for Scotland

DEAR SIR GODFREY,—No doubt you are aware that public bodies have no souls when dealing with poor debtors. But I hope you're shocked by the case of Charles Currie, of Oakley, West Fife.

He lives in a condemned house and, having failed to pay his rates, was arrested and thrown into jail. His son agreed to pay the debt and thus obtained his release.

But now the younger man is asked to pay an extra £5, the sheriff officer's fee for arresting his father, and 7s. 6d. a day for keeping him in prison—a total of £23.

That is obviously an impossible amount for a family of eight whose income is only £2 a week. You must not only see that it is wiped off, but that such impudent demands will never again be made.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. RICHARD McALINDEN,
Silk Street, Salford

DEAR SIR,—Don't give up hope, though I know how bitter must be your disappointment.

Seven months have passed since I told my readers how your four-year-old boy, "Bobby Mac," had suddenly become blind, but continued to sing and laugh. How your very poor neighbours, mostly unemployed, were raising money to provide him with the most skilled attention available.

I'm glad to think that my readers helped in that excellent cause.

But you have just been told by a great London surgeon that nothing can be done for him for at least a year; that even then the chances will be slender.

You have my deep sympathy. But let the still high spirits of your little boy soften your grief.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. EDMUND L. HANN,
Porth, Glamorgan

DEAR SIR,—You are not the only one to believe that lack of confidence and mistrust between employers and employed is an important cause preventing the expansion of the South Wales coal industry.

Co-operation and good will, you add, would be a change of attitude that would bring millions of pounds into the district.

It is good to hear you say so. As managing director of one of the largest mine combines in the world, you are well placed to give a lead towards that beneficial change.

Make no mistake about it—the general public as well as the miners will back every helpful move you make.

JOHN BULL.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

IF you, perchance, consider you're a
normal sort of cove,
Then Dr. Adler soon will undeceive
you;
He will merely shrug his shoulders if
you tell him such a tale,
And indicate, however much you argue,
that you'll fail
In all attempts to get him to believe
you!

The normal man's a rarity compared with
whom, it seems,
The phœnix and the unicorn are
creatures
As common as the rabbit; for he solemnly
asserts
That all our Johns and Jonathans, our
Benjamins and Berts,
Have psyches that reveal abnormal
features!

So do not go and worry or acquire a sense
of sin
Or face the world with feelings of
apology;
If bluffed by such pronouncements, you'll
proclaim yourself a mutt,
For Dr Adler's prattle, though sensational, is but
The normal nonsense of the "new"
psychology!

Vienna's chief exports are waltzes and complexes, and it is hard to say whether Strauss the Viennese waltz king, or Adler, the Viennese psycho-analyst, has led us the prettier dance. The one brought us the "Blue Danube," the other leaves us in a blue funk.

Our Abnormal Selves

For it is Dr. Adler who has brought the disturbing news from Vienna to London that we are none of us normal. Up to now, he announces, he has not met a single normal person.

But although convinced that all humans (including, presumably, psychologists) harbour bees in their bonnets, there are some forms of abnormality in which he declines to believe; for when asked if he would describe as abnormal a man of twenty-four not interested in the opposite sex, he expressed doubts regarding the existence of such a phenomenon.

This is interesting, if only because psychologists are not, as a rule, addicted to doubts. Dr. Adler, for example, does not for a moment doubt their ability to cure the world of crime by the simple process of spotting incipient criminals in the cradle.

"It is easy to pick out the child who is going to develop into a potential criminal," he says. He can recognise the type "in a few minutes" and proceed to cure its criminal tendencies.

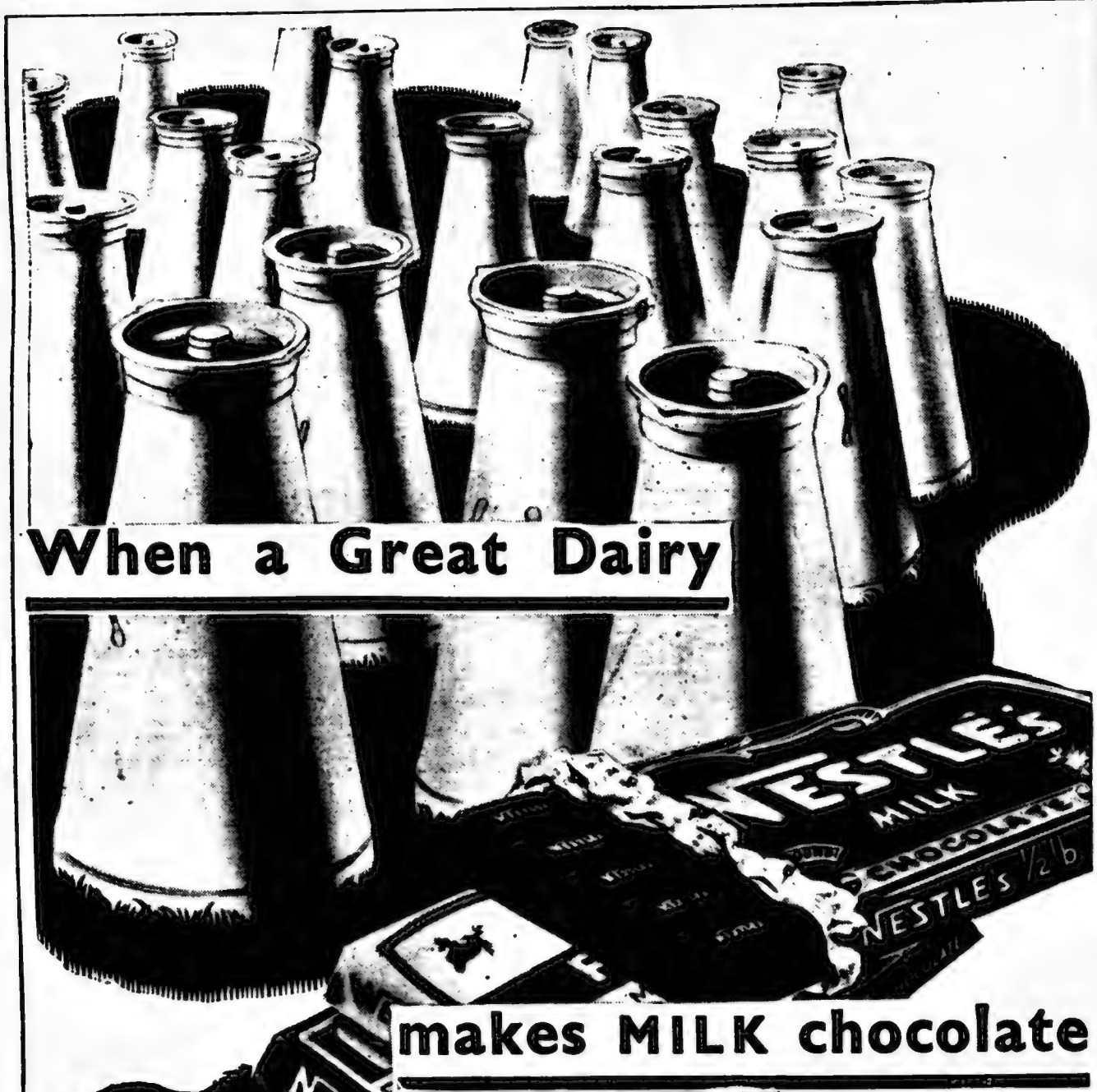
This, at least, is comforting, seeing that our law-givers have provided us with so many crimes to commit. Many parents would be grateful to Dr. Adler if he could inform them in advance whether, f'rinstance, little Cyril is likely in adult life to bring himself into conflict with the police by going halves in the price of a taxi ride with a similarly criminal-minded friend.

On the other hand, some parents may decide, rather than learn in advance that their darlings are fated to become criminals or dipsomaniacs, to "wait and see"—in the hope that if they wait they will not see what Dr. Adler thinks he sees.

One glance in the mild, trusting eyes of
a child,
And a doctor who comes from Vienna
Can tell if, when old, it will stray from
the fold
And take the broad path to Gehenna!
For kinks by the score and "fixations"
galore,
Analysis, e'en the most cursory,
Will bring to the eyes of an expert who
pries
At the complexes bred in a nursery!

It will straightway appear that one curly-
haired dear,
When older, his father will throttle;
Pretty Fanny will thieve, though her
parents may grieve;
Young Edgar (who is to his bottle
Already a slave) stronger liquor will crave;
Dear Georgie will practise black magic;
But worst of the lot is sweet Gwennie,
poor tot,
Who's normal—that's really too tragic!

Y. Z.



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Mussolini's BLACK BREW

The peril that Mussolini has brought before us is an Africa resounding to the tramp of the black armies that he will form—the first of them being from the people he has conquered with poison gas

by A. G. GARDINER

WHILE the issue of sanctions against Italy is in the balance till the new French Government is in power, let us take stock of what is at stake. There are various aspects from which this great matter can be approached, and if I lay stress on one of them it is because it is apt to be overlooked.

We are all thinking in the terms of Europe and of the fate that awaits the white civilisation. Or we are thinking of the British Empire and the cloud that overshadows it.

That is natural. If Mussolini "gets away with it," as he will do if sanctions are lifted and his crime condoned, certain things follow. The breakwater of peace erected at Geneva will, for all effective purposes, have collapsed. Europe will be mobilised for war, and fear of being anticipated will bring war swiftly and irrevocably.

Grave menace

It will come without warning, and Mussolini has given the world an object-lesson on how it will be waged—mercilessly, devilishly, with every barbarism of modern science. That is the fate for Europe that the surrender of the League to the Italian filibuster invites.

Nor is the menace to the British Empire less disquieting. It is not merely because this country has taken the lead in opposing him that Mussolini has directed all the venom of his servile Press against Britain. It is because he sees in the British Empire the barrier to his schemes of conquest. He has set out to revive the Roman Empire of two thousand years ago and to make the Mediterranean an Italian sea.

That cannot be done without sweeping us out of the way. And he makes no secret of his purpose. He straddles across our path to the East, and Abyssinia gave him a key situation from which he can threaten Egypt on the west, the Suez Canal on the east, and dominate Kenya on the south.

In all the Italian maps he has already appropriated Malta ("temporarily in the occupation of the British"). He has poured out his money as freely in stirring up trouble in Egypt as in buying the support of the corrupt French Press, and there is abundant evidence, as the questions in Parliament indicate, that his agents are behind the disturbance in Palestine.

In short, he is engaged in making our position in the Mediterranean impossible and in writing "No Thoroughfare" across our path to India.

For do not let it be supposed that, given the power, he will show the same restraint about blocking the Suez Canal in the cause of "the Roman Empire" that we have shown in the cause of preserving peace and the liberties of a people which the League had sworn to protect.

It is natural, I say, that these great matters should fill our minds in these critical days when we await the decision of the League on the subject of sanctions. But we must not let them exclude another consideration, no less momentous because less obvious.

That question is the future of Africa.

Carved up

We, to whom Africa is little more than a geographical expression are apt to dismiss it as having no political significance.

It is only in the lifetime of people still living that it can—except for its extremities—be said to have been discovered. It is only in the last half-century that it has been carved into spheres of influence by the European Powers and opened up for development.

There is a prevalent illusion that the Dark Continent is a problem that is solved. It is inhabited by various races of differing shades of black to brown who are under the tutelage of a number of white nations and can be counted on never to give any trouble. As they were in the ages that are past so they are now, and so they will remain through the ages that are to come.

This is far from the case. For good or evil, the yeast of the white civilisation and the modern world is beginning to ferment in Africa, as it has fermented in India and the Far East. The schoolmaster is abroad, and ideas are in the saddle.

With the growth of race consciousness, the problem of the government of nearly two hundred million black or brown people by a thin sprinkling of white officials and white settlers becomes increasingly formidable, especially in areas, like that of South Africa, which are industrialised and need great masses of coloured labour.

The accommodation between Black and White must be founded on the good will of the overwhelming majority. That can only be had by winning the confidence of the coloured people and giving them the assurance of justice, a square deal and freedom from exploitation.

Above all, one peril haunts the mind of all responsible people concerned with the future of Africa. It is the peril of a militarised Africa—an Africa resounding to the tramp of black armies and repeating on a larger stage the hostilities that Europe is vainly struggling to escape from. That would mean an unspeakable catastrophe for Black and White alike, for Africa and Europe.

Vast designs

And it is that catastrophe which is now imminent and which will be consummated if Europe surrenders to the Roman gangster.

He has crowned the poor plaything who dances so obediently to his tune with the crown of Cæsar and has told his hysterical mob that Abyssinia is only the triumphal arch through which he proposes to lead them to new conquests.

That he intends to militarise the wretched victims of his poison gas is evident. Indeed, he will need to militarise the country in order to complete his conquest, and, being the brigand he is, he will not hesitate to use it to further his vast designs of a new Roman Empire dominating the Mediterranean.

This is a sinister fact for Europe, but still more for Africa. It is the fear of this, and of its effect on the black millions of Africa, that has led to the impassioned appeals of General Smuts to the League to stand firm in its application of sanctions.

All the black nations from the North to the South stand in dread of the threat of which the fate of the Abyssinians warns them, and no one can foreshadow the reaction of that dread upon their attitude to the handful of white men whose security rests only in the confidence and good will of the native population.

Next chapter

What will be the effect of a militarised Abyssinia obedient to the reckless adventurer of Rome upon adjacant and practically unarmed countries like Kenya, the Sudan and Egypt can more easily be imagined.

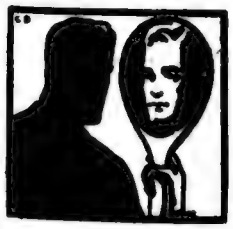
If Mussolini's conquest is consolidated the whole of North-east Africa from Libya to Alexandria and from the Suez to the Sudan will be consumed with fears and suspicions and feverish with preparations for the next chapter in Mussolini's programme.

It will not be long in coming if the Italian bravo is permitted to clinch his conquest now. He will strike quickly, and his next blow will be struck directly at the Power which stands in his path.

If the calamity that threatens Europe and Africa alike is to be averted it must be averted now. Even at this late hour the League is still master of Mussolini's fate.

But it must act swiftly and as ruthlessly in the interests of peace as he has acted in the pursuit of his criminal ambitions.

The Human Machine



Know Yourself!

IF there is one word more significant than another in relation to a man's mental life it is the word "adjustment." Whether we know it or not; whether we do it consciously or not; whether we do it willingly or not, we are all—all the time—adjusting and readjusting ourselves to people and circumstances.

To the degree we are successful we are happy. The degree of our unhappiness is the measure of our maladjustment, our failure to adjust.

People who rebel against life, who find their work an irritation, their home lives a trial, contact with their fellows a strain, are people who are suffering from maladjustment—and it is just as much a disease as measles or chickenpox. Also it is just as curable.

What are the principles of satisfactory adjustment? First and foremost we must be on good terms with ourselves. We must understand ourselves. We must meet life willingly and joyously. We must be able to prevent ourselves being knocked off our balance by trifles. We must be able to know values. We must be able to realise what matters and what is unimportant to us. We must be able to take a long, sane and balanced view of things.

Secondly, we must be on good terms with those with whom we come most in contact. We must be able to meet our intimates more than halfway. We must practise tolerance and broadmindedness and sympathy.

We must train ourselves to see the other fellow's point of view. We must learn that there are at least two sides to every question. We must, in fast, make ourselves human if we are to enjoy human relationships.

Lastly, we must be on good terms with the world. We must be open-minded and responsive to new ideas. We must train ourselves to welcome responsibility. We must learn to believe that the individual is also part of the corporate body. The good citizen is he who is well adjusted to his social environment and his social obligations.

The two keys to adjustment are ability to think and self-control. And these rest on the solid foundation of self-knowledge. The man who really knows himself and understands himself can rule himself. That is the whole thing.

Watch for It!

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SMART MEN wear Semi-Oxford Flannels. They cost only 5/- and are obtainable from The Flannel King, 130-134, Heath Road, Twickenham. See advertisement on page 3.

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DO you always use the perfect hairdressing Brylcreem? Try to become one of its enthusiasts. See Front Cover announcement.

A 48-p book is offered free by Chas. Atlas on p. 45. If you want to learn how you can get fit and strong by physical culture, fill in the coupon.

SEND for free sample tube of "Shavex," the modern method of shaving. Attach coupon in the advt. on p. 43 to your name and address with 2d. stamp for postage.

£100 in cash prizes is offered by the makers of STA BLOND Shampoo for a simple statement of not more than 50 words, giving your idea of the reply to the question appearing in the advertisement on page 45.

A FREE seven-day trial tube of CORO-SHAVE, the new brushless method of shaving, is offered to readers who simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Crown Perfumery Co., Ltd. (Dept. 113), 29, King's Road, London, N.W.1. Send a 1½d. stamp for postage and packing. Enclose in a sealed envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp. See p 38.

FREE.—A copy of "Holiday Contract Tickets" Folder, containing maps and full details of holiday areas covered by the L.M.S. is yours for the asking. Simply send a Postcard to Room H.C.T.10, L.M.S. Railway, Euston House, London, N.W.1, and learn all about these bargains in holiday travel.

A FREE guide explaining all about the Isle of Man will be sent to readers who write to N. L. Clague, Publicity Dept., Isle of Man, or Room 119, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London. See offer on page 31.

FILL in the coupon on page 27 for free sample of either Pepsodent Tooth Paste or Pepsodent Tooth Powder. If you've never tried either of these excellent preparations, which keep the teeth brilliantly white and prevent dental decay, send for your trial samples now. Be sure to enclose 1½d. in stamps to cover postage and packing. For many years Pepsodent Tooth Paste has been well known to our readers. Pepsodent Tooth Powder, however, is entirely new. You can try either by sending the coupon NOW!

ACCEPT this free offer. To introduce the new size packet of Birds Custard sufficient for four half-pints, a special packet will be sent free to all readers who simply write to Birds Custard, Dept. D.Q.37, Thames House, Millbank, London. Write at once for your trial sample package. Particulars appear on page 31.

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ACCEPT this sample offer of Four Square Tobacco! If you've never tried the delightful blends of these cool and mellow tobaccos, you can obtain samples which include Empire Mixture, Cut Cake, Curlies, Original Mixture, etc., for only 1s., if you write, mentioning *John Bull*, enclosing remittance, to Dept. J.B.8, Geo. Dobie & Son, Ltd., Paisley, Scotland. See p. 37.

THE time has gone by when a thirst-quencher meant either a strong drink to create a greater thirst or a great deal of trouble to make a soft drink which never satisfied. "Old Hethers" has enabled you to say goodbye to all that. His concentrated Lemon Barley Water, supplied ready to serve in bottles, gives the thirsty a long drink, a cooling drink and a good drink—without any trouble to those who serve and wait. It is made from the best barley and fresh lemons, and its purity is warranted by the name and fame of Keen, Robinson, Ltd., the firm which has been supplying "Patent" Barley to the nation for over a century. You can buy a bottle of Robinson's Lemon Barley Water for 1/9 and it will give you about 21 glassfuls of perfect barley water. Incidentally, to be sure you are buying the right product, look for the friendly face of Old Hethers on the seal which covers the top. See p. 33.

A FREE Pattern! A famous West End Designer has created an enchanting wrap Overall, and a pattern of this delightful model is offered free to every reader of this paper through the generosity of the manufacturers of Robin Starch. All you have to do is to collect the lids from packets of Robin Starch and the free pattern comes in exchange for one Lid bearing the price from one 10d. packet or its equivalent from 8d., 9½d., 11d. or 1d. packets. Sizes are 32 in., 34 in., 36 in., 38 in. and 40 in. (bust). When sending, be sure to ask for free pattern R.P.11, mention that you saw the offer in *John Bull*, and post your Robin Starch Lids in sealed stamped envelope, addressed to Pattern Dept., Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Hull.

NAIL BITING.
A real cure at last! Free booklet, sent privately for 1½d. stamp, explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

A Doctor the POLICE Want

"I am about to move into Harley Street," is the tale told by this "specialist" to his dupes. He is certainly a specialist—but not in medicine

FOR two years they have had him listed at Scotland Yard as one of the six most versatile criminals, and yet, in the guise of a doctor—usually of a Harley Street specialist—he is still finding dupes by the dozen up and down the country.

Middle-aged, handsome, with hair greying at the temples, immaculately dressed—this elusive swindler is James O'Connor (alias Dr. Cormach, alias Dr. Curragh, alias Dr. Crawford, etc., etc.). All bogus—for he is not a qualified doctor.

At present the net is spread wide for him, but still he evades capture.

He is the disowned son of a famous Irish doctor who gave him a university education and hoped he would follow in his father's footsteps.

But this prodigal son's footsteps during the last few months have only taken him to dupe after dupe and netted him considerable sums of money.

Knew details

As "Doctor Cormach" he recently called upon a man who is extremely wealthy, sent in his card, and was granted an interview. He said he was well acquainted with old friends of the rich man, and mentioned such intimate details of their business interests and private affairs that he soon won the confidence of the man he had selected as a victim.

Why had he sought the interview? He was, he said, the principal in a proposition which would render a lasting public service and be of financial interest to all fortunate enough to participate with him in it.

The proposition concerned the establishment of modernly devised and well-equipped nursing homes in various parts of the country.

As a medical specialist he would himself, he modestly suggested, play a major part in the administration of these establishments, and would control them all in collaboration with a staff of doctors, medical students and nurses.

It would, he went on, be imprudent of him to become financially involved in the scheme himself, as it might be held that in so doing he was contravening the rules and regulations governing the medical profession.

So he had formulated a plan whereby friends of his, or friends of his friends, could make a handsome profit by placing their trust in him and their money in his venture.

"Dr. 'Cormach" so cleverly put over this story, and so fully convinced his dupe that he was everything he claimed to be, that he soon managed to obtain from his victim a cheque.

Nothing more, of course, was heard of him or his nursing homes proposition after that, and enquiry revealed that he was not known at all to the people whose names he had used.

Many people have been taken in by his well-told but imaginative stories, and he is clever enough not to confine his fraudulent activities to any one specific thing.

He called at the house of an elderly woman a week or two ago, and quickly ingratiated his way into her confidence.

He de-promoted himself this time by dropping his "specialist" rôle and posing as plain "Doctor Thomas Curragh," of Belfast, adding that he was medical officer of health for that city.

He mentioned the name of a very old friend of a woman who lived there, and explained that he was her doctor. He knew so much about her affairs and her association, going back thirty years, with his victim, that very quickly he obtained what he had gone to her for—money.

Short of money

He had come from Ireland with his wife, he said, to attend a wedding that was taking place shortly in the town. (Actually he only knew this wedding had been arranged through scanning the Marriage Announcements in a daily paper.)

He was, he regretted, temporarily short of money, as he and his wife had had to stay longer than they had anticipated, and as he only had Irish cheques in his possession, which are not negotiable in this country.

Moreover, he had called upon a Harley Street friend of his, whom he named, to raise money until he got back to Belfast, but had found that this specialist friend had been called suddenly away to Devonshire.

The trick worked. The Reading woman gave him a cheque for £30, which he promptly cashed.

Then he disappeared, after, on the very same day, swindling another woman in a near-by town.

On another occasion O'Connor called on the house surgeon at an institution in the provinces. He knew that the matron was out of town, and so he asked for her by name.

His "stolen" car

The house surgeon, at O'Connor's request, believing that his mission might be an important one, saw him instead. And it says much for O'Connor's ingenuity that he posed as a doctor to this doctor, and was not for a moment suspected of being the great impostor he is.

Using the name of "Doctor Crawford," he said he wanted to see the matron because she was a great friend of his and would help him in an emergency. His car had been stolen, and in it a valuable present he had brought for a girl friend of his wife whose wedding he was attending. A stranger in the vicinity, he needed a little money to tide over his difficulty.

Within half an hour of his arrival at the institution he got away with another substantial sum.

And complaints which have since reached the police show that in the preceding two days he had obtained money from other victims.

A Bristol woman, whom he met by telling her he had called on her at the request of an old friend whom he had just cured of a form of blood poisoning, and who had gone to Switzerland for a long rest, is another victim of this handsome and well-spoken rogue.

He posed as "Doctor J. Moore" to this dupe, and pretended that he was medical health officer of County Kerry. He said he was shortly taking up residence in Harley Street, and it was in connection with another of his fantastic but plausible tales that he heartlessly duped this further victim.

Nurses caught

Another contemptible trick of O'Connor's is that he often obtains money from nurses who believe they will later secure good positions under his direction. He has won their confidence solely for the purpose of defrauding them.

Among the records at Scotland Yard are the names of several nurses who, believing him to be either a doctor or a noted specialist, have parted with sums ranging from small to large amounts.

At Brighton, he told a woman that a very dear friend of hers had died suddenly, and extracted money from her while she was in a state of grief. The friend, of course, was not dead.

Complaints about O'Connor's fraudulent activities have come from Gravesend, Margate, Weybridge, Aylesbury, Bishops Stortford, Manchester, and many other places. "The more the merrier" seems to be his motto, for he carries on in complete defiance of the fact that special police investigations concerning him have been going on since 1934.

He has, we find, been through the hands of the police in the past, and on one occasion was sentenced to penal servitude for heartless frauds on hospital nurses.

A lot of people, including ourselves, are now waiting to see him in jail again.

Eleven Doomed to One Room

ELEVEN human beings—husband, wife and nine children—living in a wooden hutment the exact size of which is 30 feet long by 10 feet wide!

No proper sanitation and no water supply.

Yet this hut, in which a careful farmer might be ashamed to shelter cattle, is "home" for a family of eleven.

The walls of the place are rotting. Holes gape in the door, which has to be fastened by string. A thin partition divides the hut. One space—it cannot be called a room—is used for all daily purposes of the household, and the other for sleeping.

Here, under conditions which do not bear thought, the mother recently gave birth to twins.

That brought the number of the children to eleven, but the two eldest lads are working on farms and away. At times, however, they return to see their parents, making the full complement in the hut *thirteen*.

How can such a housing scandal be allowed? For answer to that one must approach the Rural District Council of Sedbergh, Yorkshire.

Owner and occupier of the dreadful hutment is Reginald Garnett, an ex-soldier, who served throughout the war. Formerly he lived in Sedbergh itself, until a period of unemployment threw him from the house he rented there, and forced him to take over the hut, which is on the moors three miles out of the little town.

* * *

During the past two years Garnett has tried vainly to secure one of the houses built by the Rural District Council under their local scheme. The only other houses available are far beyond his means. His applications have been refused, although his hutment has been condemned—quite properly—for human habitation.

Failing with the Rural District Council, Garnett wrote directly to the Ministry of Health, Whitehall, telling his pitiable story. The Ministry promptly forwarded a copy of his letter to the Sedbergh Rural Council.

And the council considered it and deferred decision on the ground that there was no council house "sufficiently large" to accommodate the Garnett family. This, although some of the council houses have three bedrooms.

So Garnett is forced to remain in his dilapidated, lonely hut which is "unfit for human habitation."

Irony goes even farther. The hut is three miles from the nearest school. Because his children have to walk that distance each day, Garnett when the weather is foul has kept them in the hut. For this he was summoned and fined £1.

* * *

We call attention to this case because it is an exceptional one. Immediately something should be done for this unfortunate family. Houses are refused to Garnett, although houses have been vacant. And he is penalised for continuing under the only roof he can secure.

RALEIGH EASY-RUNNING...
EVEN EASIER EASY TERMS

5/- down and you can ride away on your RALEIGH

TO-DAY there is no need for anyone to "make do" with a machine that falls short of Raleigh performance and easy-running! You can own a Raleigh for the low initial deposit of 5/-.

Now, for the first time, it is within the reach of *all* to have the greater pleasure of owning a quality machine, one that is Individually Built, Guaranteed For Ever, beautifully finished and effortless in action.

Choose a Raleigh — the bicycle you'll be proud to own.

Prices do not apply to the I.F.S.

RALEIGH Patent LIGHTING UNIT

Obtainable ONLY on a new Raleigh 15/-

Entirely self-contained — no loose wires — no detached switches — no earthing. The finest, most modern and most efficient type of Dyno Lighting yet evolved.

A RALEIGH is superior—even to the spokes!

By a wonderful new patented process Raleigh spokes are subjected to five separate treatments and remain bright and untarnished indefinitely. This development is exclusive to Raleigh.

Models from £4:19:6 cash

(Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear 20/- extra, cash.)

Deferred Terms—

5/- *down and 12 equal monthly payments (from 9/7). Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear 2/- extra monthly. Dunlop tyres, Brooks' saddle and the best of everything. Send for free copy of "The Book of the Raleigh," and name and address of nearest dealer.* THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO., LTD., NOTTINGHAM. *(Depots and Agents Everywhere.)*

RALEIGH

THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

INDIVIDUALLY PRODUCED

Fit the Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear, the gear that makes cycling easy

"Try this Bondman Virginia, John"

"No thanks, Bondman Empire suits me"

Different tastes but they both smoke Lloyds'

BONDMAN

BECAUSE IT'S FRESH

—packed in Vacuum Tins

● BONDMAN RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½d. per oz.

● BONDMAN EMPIRE BLEND • • • 10d. per oz.

(36)

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.). 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

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Just Published—Send for Your Copy Now! by filling in the Coupon below. Do so at once.

Please send me to-day the new, free Stork Cookery Book entitled "The Complete Guide to Home Cooking."

Name _____

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Fill in your name and address and send this voucher to Van den Berghs & Jurgens (Sales) Ltd., Dept. K 66, Unilever House, London, E.C.4, in an unsealed ½d-stamped envelope.

(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Shocking Conditions in a Public Assistance Institution

WHO *Blinded the* Baby?

IN the Hereford Eye Hospital specialists are struggling to save the sight of a baby girl—a child brought to the hospital completely blind, her eyes having been attacked by a terrible disease.

If that baby is saved from the living torture of darkness it will be due entirely to the skilful attention of the Eye Hospital.

But the case, at the moment, is no more than one of hope. No medical man can forecast the future of that innocent infant sufferer. Her fate is in the balance.

And the scandal and horror of it all is this—the baby was infected when under the care of the Hereford Public Assistance Institution.

It is indeed a heartbreaking story that we have to tell.

For very obvious reasons we refrain from giving the name of the child or of its parents. So throughout we shall refer to the blinded child as "Baby M."

"A perfect child" at eight months old—then swiftly the horror of blindness fell upon her. Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, M.P. for Hereford, should take steps to see that the Minister of Health acts at once in this distressing case

Perfect child

She was born in the institution, and was a perfectly sound and healthy child. Indeed, at eight months old "Baby M" was the bonniest and strongest infant in the children's ward of the institution—the perfect picture of a happy baby. She was the pride of the ward foster-mother.

Not long ago the baby became ill and fretful. Her eyes were inflamed. Conjunctivitis—commonly called "pink eye"—was diagnosed and the appropriate remedies applied. "Baby M" was pronounced cured.

Later the trouble recurred in a more serious form. Then the baby was taken to the Hereford Eye Hospital. Examination there proved that the sight of both eyes was affected.

The child was blind, and the cause was contracted infection from venereal disease.

At once investigation began into this shocking affair. We can reveal the fact that enquiry proved beyond all shadow of doubt that poor little "Baby M" was infected when in the nurseries of the Hereford Public Assistance Institution. The illness was not inherited, both the parents of the child were found to be absolutely free from any taint.

The Minister of Health was invited by the Hereford County authorities further to explore this tragic mystery of a baby's blindness.

Two medical inspectors from the Ministry visited Hereford, and the report they made subsequently was a damning one.

Conditions were disclosed which would favour the spread of infection amongst the infants and children in the institution if any person—adult or child—afflicted with a certain complaint, should be admitted to the female block or should attend to the children.

Arrangements were "seriously defective" in the matter of providing for the prompt treatment of any case of conjunctivitis.

There was apparently a practice of leaving the children, at times, in charge of a mentally defective inmate, which was condemned, although no blame attached to this woman in relation to "Baby M." This inmate actually slept in the same room as a number of the children.

A recommendation was made that properly trained children's nurses should in future be employed, and that effective medical steps should be taken promptly in the event of children displaying particular symptoms.

Of course all these reforms are now to be put into operation, *after the damage has been done.*

There is a chance that the doctors at the Hereford Eye Hospital may restore partially the sight of "Baby M," but already her prospects have been wrecked.

For arrangements were being made for this baby girl to be adopted by a childless couple in comfortable circumstances. They wanted this baby from a poor law institution for their own.

Now that proposal has been dropped.

Who will take a baby girl robbed of sound sight, infected with an illness of such a nature?

Consideration should immediately be given to the question of compensation to this child in after-life. It is imperatively a matter which needs the further intervention of the Minister of Health.

From this terrible case we pass to another subject of criticism in relation to the Herefordshire Public Assistance Committee.

This concerns the County Orphans' Home at Leominster.

Allegations of an astonishing character are before us regarding this home.

Terrible ordeals

Punishment of the children is involved—bitterly cruel punishment according to statements made by members of the Herefordshire County Council.

Here is the indictment. Children, who erred in some small respect, were made to stand in the kitchen of the home for hours, holding chairs above their heads. Often children who could not support this penalty collapsed. Some who collapsed were thrashed.

It was even stated by a councillor that one little boy died two days after undergoing such a punishment.

Girls, in their night garments, and after having gone to bed, were ordered to stand for long periods in corners.

One girl was knocked down and her eye blackened by a blow from a lad because she did not call him "sir."

All these allegations have been made by highly reputable members of the Herefordshire County Council. They declare that they are ready to substantiate them before any tribunal.

The matron in charge of the Orphans' Home at the relative period lately retired, owing to ill-health, and has been granted a pension. Her husband, who was employed at the home, has also retired.

Action, please!

The matron's resignation followed a private enquiry, at which none of these allegations were put forward.

It was, however, decided at this enquiry that the conduct of the home was not satisfactory.

Obviously, for the sake of all parties, the charges of cruelty and harshness to orphan children cannot be left in the air.

Action must follow. We have said enough to indicate that the fullest possible public enquiry should be undertaken.

Implied blame should not be allowed to rest on officials past or present in no measure responsible for the things which happened.

One county councillor, we are informed, intends to lay all the evidence in his possession before the appropriate authority in Whitehall. When he does so it is for that Government department to probe the charges and see that justice is done for the sake of all concerned.

ROGUE 'TELLS *the* WORLD'

Light on a dark publicity expert

AN audacious advertising and charity ramp is being run by T. Gerald O'Sullivan, who describes himself as a publisher and a specialist in creative publicity. His many victims include tradesmen, hospital authorities and hotel-keepers.

Recently, T. Gerald O'Sullivan was particularly active in Reading, where he stayed at a comfortable hotel. From the time he arrived, O'Sullivan began to talk big—so big that a number of really shrewd business people were impressed by his steady flow of talk. He was, in fact, prepared to "Tell the World."

His main scheme was an idea which was going to be of great benefit to local traders. Like most of O'Sullivan's ideas, this one was as simple as shelling peas.

Special cards were to be printed and these were to carry about a dozen advertising spaces. The cost of these varied from fifteen shillings upwards. Attached to these cards were to be boxes for contributions to a local hospital.

Here, indeed, according to O'Sullivan, was a wonderful opportunity. The advertising cards were to be exhibited in restaurants, hotels, kinemas and other prominent places throughout the town. O'Sullivan laid stress on the fact that this scheme had the approval of and support of the authorities of the Royal Berkshire Hospital, Reading.

Working with O'Sullivan was a young man who also called on a number of Reading shopkeepers. The experience of the owner of a woman's hairdressing saloon in the town is typical of many.

She paid a certain sum in the belief that advertising cards bearing an advertisement for her establishment would be exhibited in fifty local business places. But she has seen nothing of the advertising card, nor has her saloon been exhibited as promised.

Letters of protest addressed to Messrs. T. Gerald O'Sullivan and Co., at headquarters in Blue Boar Street, Oxford, remain unanswered. This is not surprising, for O'Sullivan recently found it desirable to leave Oxford.

* * *

A detective there called on O'Sullivan and suggested that his continued presence in the town was undesirable.

Meanwhile, his hotel bill was not met, as also was a cheque he cashed with the hotel proprietor after banking hours.

Events by this time were moving swiftly in Reading. The authorities of the Royal Berkshire Hospital had their attention drawn to the fact that O'Sullivan was using the name of the hospital without authority, and the local Chamber of Commerce has since circularised its members suggesting that O'Sullivan and his schemes were best left alone.

Further investigations show that he had been active in Oxford, Swindon, Manchester and a number of provincial towns. But for some weeks past the premises of the firm in Blue Boar Street, Oxford, have been closed and arrears of rent remain unpaid.

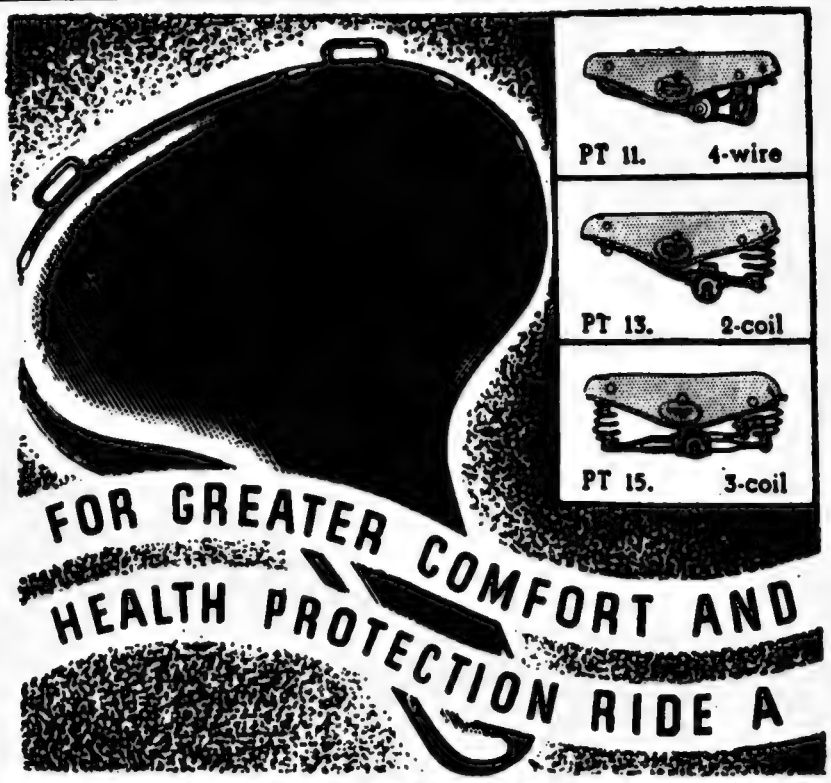
It is not long since he was active in Swindon, where he was making use of the name of the Victoria Hospital in connection with his advertising scheme.

Another scheme of O'Sullivan's is to raise finance for a "Ladies' Home Diary." We have said enough about this commercial adventurer's recent exploits to suggest that his "Ladies' Home Diary," like his other schemes, should be left severely alone.

Four years ago Terence G. O'Sullivan was active in connection with "Hospital Publications"—a concern which he ran from an address in Sale Street, Paddington, London, W.2. His idea at that time was a "Save the Children Milk Fund."

* * *

O'Sullivan has for some years past been engaged in a series of advertising schemes which have not been particularly successful for anyone but himself. And his recent exploits at Oxford, Reading and Swindon are typical of his usual methods.



FOR GREATER COMFORT AND HEALTH PROTECTION RIDE A

DUNLOP SADDLE

Dunlop Saddles are flexible, damp-proof and never lose their shape. Their polished surface ensures cool and comfortable riding under all conditions and the danger of sitting on a damp seat is abolished. Special models for ladies, illustrated above, were designed by one of the foremost authorities on what the feminine rider needs. Obtainable from all Cycle Dealers.

Dunlop Rubber Company Ltd., Fort Dunlop, Birmingham. *Branches throughout the World.* C.F.H.

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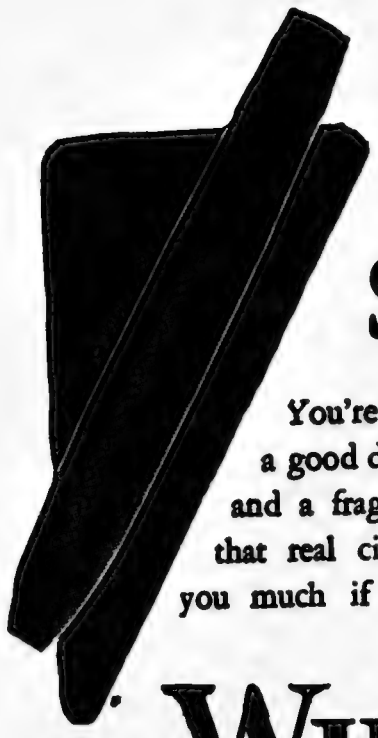


Mid-day Saturday

You're free for the week-end . . . a good dinner, a chair in the garden and a fragrant cigar to smoke. But that real cigar fragrance needn't cost you much if you buy Wills's Whiffs.

WILLS'S WHIFFS

HAVANA FLAVOUR AT REASONABLE PRICES

3 for 6d. 6 for 1/- 12 for 2/-

DON'T GAMBLE with your HEALTH

Why gamble with your health by taking dangerous drugs to stop your pain when 'ASPRO' will stop it for you in a few minutes without harm? 'ASPRO' acts in a soothing manner—it is also one of the safest and quickest ways. 'ASPRO' tablets represent quick and efficient healing service. They do not harm the heart or the stomach nor do they cause gastric upset. 'ASPRO' is so safe a child can take it. If afflicted with any of the complaints mentioned in this advertisement we suggest you give 'ASPRO' a trial. We are sure you will be delighted and will become a regular 'ASPRO' user as a result of your beneficial experience. So—

TAKE 'ASPRO'

AND STOP PAIN QUICKLY & SAFELY

HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: children 3 to 6 years, ½ tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO,' like any other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

Read this testimony

BAD COLD AND PAINS BANISHED

13, Baxter Road, Essex Road, London, N.1.

Sir,

I have had a very bad cold in my head and pains in my limbs. I have found 'ASPRO' have done me the world of good and in future they will be the first thing I will go for.

Thanking 'ASPRO,'

Yours faithfully,

B. BAYFORD.

IMMEDIATE PAIN-RELIEF

267, Northumberland Avenue, Reading.

Dear Sirs,

Just a few words of praise for 'ASPRO.' I had some teeth extracted and for three days I had untold agony through aching gums and someone suggested 'ASPRO' and the first two tablets gave instant relief.

I am, Yours truly,

V. WITHERS.

TAKE 'ASPRO' For

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by 'ASPRO' Limited SLOUGH, BUCKS.

Tele: SLOUGH 688.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ASPRO

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS exposes a "Money for Homes" SNARE

BE WARNED, *House-buyers!*

Happily they look for their future home—but they wouldn't be so light-hearted if they fell into the clutches of Lewis Ashley

I HAVE been greatly interested for some time in the operations of a man named Lewis Ashley—at least that is what he now calls himself—who finds that "easy money" can be made from those who need a little capital with which to buy their own homes.

Lewis Ashley is in charge of Ashley and Co., of Clapton Common, London, described as "house, land and estate agents, surveyors and auctioneers, insurance brokers and licensed appraisers."

The aims and objects of this concern may sound impressive enough to justify a fairly widespread circulation of literature boosting the company's activities, but judging by the growing file of complaints before me some words of warning to all house-buyers are necessary.

I observe that readers' complaints about Ashley and Co. are not by any means confined to London, but come from all parts of the country.

Ashley and Co. has not only been occupying the attention of the Investigation Department of JOHN BULL, but also of the Advertising Association and the police authorities in North London.

It finds its clients through advertisements which have a definite appeal to those who require finance for house purchase. Its printed matter suggests that it can arrange both first and second mortgages on houses, kinemas, shops—even farms and factories. Indeed, there seems to be scarcely anything in real estate that it is not ready to handle.

It offers to redeem existing mortgages and to arrange larger ones.

The widespread nature of its announcements indicates that all and sundry are invited to take advantage of its offers, which are supposed to provide specially favourable terms for those wise enough to take them up.

I note from documents before me that advertisements have appeared from time to time in newspapers in all parts of the country.

Those who have responded have been assured that the services Ashley and Co. promise are available. And, more than that, the interest on mortgages can be spread conveniently over periods up to as long as twenty-five years. Everything looks fine on paper—even the interest on permanent charges is as little as 4 per cent.

When people answer the glowing announcements made by Ashley and Co. they are expected first of all to part with fees ranging from one guinea to five or six.

But my information shows that once the fee has been paid a remarkable change sometimes comes over this "agency."

It fails to operate in the way its extravagant literature leads one to suppose it will.

One man who sent a "survey" fee of six guineas to the company in connection with a required advance of capital has heard nothing further at all. A Streatham client of the firm informs me that, having paid his fee, he has been told that his request for a mortgage "cannot be granted."

Numerous complaints of a similar character have justifiably arisen against this pretentious concern.

I am tempted to compare Ashley and Co. with a gigantic octopus, for it is not only extending its fee-snatching activities far and wide, but boasts no fewer than twelve departments. These, I see, are supposed to have been set up to deal with flats, shops, property investments, estate management and so on, and are stated to be each linked up with the main organisation by separate telephone extensions.

But the reputable estate agents with whom my department has been in touch all combine to denounce the real character of this agency. And I am not surprised.

The first requirement of any individual who sets himself up in this way as a landed estate manager, broker or auctioneer, is unimpeachable professional conduct. That is a virtue that is obviously absent in Lewis Ashley—the principal of Ashley and Co.

Lewis Ashley at one time was a "Fellow of the National Auctioneers' Association." And he claims that the charges he makes are in accordance with the scales laid down by the Surveyors' and Auctioneers' Institute.

Actually, Ashley was expelled from the membership of this association, of which he boasts "fellowship," only a few weeks ago.

My enquiries further disclose that he was on three occasions refused membership of the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers.

I also find that he ran a concern called the First Standard Building Society, from an office in Queen Victoria Street, London, but that venture lasted little more than a year.

He also changed his name from Applestone following a "long firm" swindle in which £43,000 was involved. For this, with two others, he was sentenced to a term of imprisonment on charges of conspiracy and of obtaining goods by false pretences. Previously, he was in a moneylending business which came in for a good deal of criticism.

I think I have disclosed enough to show that Lewis Ashley (alias Applestone) is a person whose record hardly qualifies him to set up as a benefactor of house-buyers.

My advice to them is the less they have to do with him the better.

RUINED *for* SPEAKING *his* MIND!

Public Servant's Tragic Plight

We ask you, Mr. R. J. Hall, as Lord Mayor of Liverpool, to consider again the tragic case of Mr. J. R. Austin

TO fight the machine of local government in a great city single-handed is a hopeless and dispiriting endeavour.

An honest man who has discovered this is Mr. J. R. Austin, of Elm Vale, Fairfield, Liverpool. With courage, but complete non-success, Mr. Austin has been trying, by all the means in his power, to obtain rectification for sudden, summary dismissal from his post as a minor official under the Liverpool Poor Law authorities.

The whole of Mr. Austin's working life until cast out had been spent in the public service. Workhouse labour superintendent, soldier, overseer in a Government shell filling factory, prison officer, and institution storekeeper, were his various employments.

His testimonials are admirable. There has never been the slightest criticism of his character.

For the beginning of his story it is necessary to look back a number of years to the time when Boards of Guardians were in existence.

At that period Mr. Austin was serving under the West Derby Board of Guardians at the Brownlow Hill Institution. He was then called on to take over the duties of assistant storekeeper, and thereby accept partial responsibility for the issue and care of stores and the accuracy of the stock books.

Rightly or wrongly—we shall show which later—Mr. Austin disagreed with the methods of book-keeping, and he objected to taking over this new appointment until the system had been amended, or at least the records checked and proved to be accurate.

Quite a natural safeguard for a new storekeeper to request, but it did not meet with approval. Mr. Austin was summoned to appear before a committee and explain his position, and his refusal to take over the duties, except under specific conditions, was regarded as a breach of discipline. So Mr. Austin was dismissed.

The eighteen years he had spent in the public service went as nothing. He had lost the chance of permanent work with a pension at the end, and was one of the unemployed. Even a return of his pension contributions was at first refused, and Mr. Austin had to make an appeal to the Ministry of Health before his own payments into the pension pool were refunded to him.

Now for an astonishing sequel. When the work of the then local Board of Guardians was taken over by the Liverpool City Council, under the Local Government Act of 1929, a scandal was revealed, which ended in the prosecution of three officials of Mill Road Infirmary, which also came under the West Derby Guardians. All three were convicted and sentenced, and the system of book-keeping at this infirmary was the same as that at the Brownlow Hill Institution to which Mr. Austin had taken exception.

Only through the transfer of the administration to the Liverpool Corporation was the process of fraud and theft discovered.

If ever a protest against a system was proved to be justified it was that made by Mr. Austin when asked to become an assistant storekeeper under the West Derby Board of Guardians. Yet for that protest he was dismissed and a stigma has rested on him ever since.

Time and again Mr. Austin has approached officials and members of the Liverpool Corporation to have his case reconsidered. But he cannot obtain justice.

This is intolerable. His prospects of settled employment and pension have been smashed because he was right in the line he took, and was proved to be right by the resultant prosecution.

It is, indeed, a case where something should be officially done for this unfortunate man.

Week after Next!

is "John Bull's" 30th Birthday. A great FREE Presentation is being planned for *every reader*—an entirely new idea — watch "John Bull."

AFTER SIX WEAKENING WINTER MONTHS—

long, unhealthy evenings indoors—

damp, sunless streets—

winter chills and weakness—

. . . no wonder YOU NEED A TONIC!

THIS is the time of year when you're most run-down and weak. You've just had six sunless months, and your blood and nerve-cells—your whole system—have been weakened by coughs and colds, and by lack of sunlight and fresh air.

That's why you need a tonic—something to strengthen and build up your blood and nerve-cells. Hall's Wine is specially prepared for this purpose, from the formula of a famous doctor. *It starts to pour new strength into your blood-stream within thirty seconds after taking*—this has been proved by scientific tests. And the good effect is lasting, too—your whole system is permanently restored.

Because of this, hundreds of doctors recommend Hall's Wine to patients who are run-down after the long winter. Its effect is both *quick* and *lasting*. Take Hall's Wine two or three times a day. Start today! At Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Large bottle, 5/6. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

HALL'S WINE

DOES YOU GOOD IN THIRTY SECONDS

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

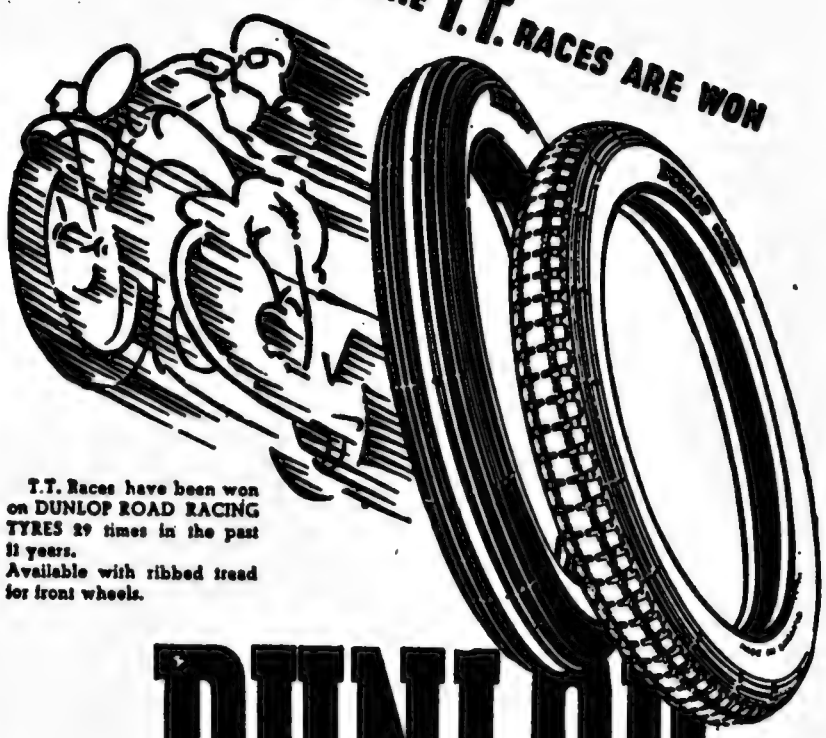
THAT'S ME

You can't blame the kiddies when they boast of the quantity of Kellogg's Rice Krispies they can consume. The flavour of these crisp-toasted rice bubbles is so delicious that no one can resist it. Children always are fascinated by the food that goes snap, crackle and pop when the cold milk or cream is poured on.

Let them eat all the Rice Krispies they want. Here is a cereal that is pure, wholesome and easy for young systems to digest. No cooking needed. Ready to serve. Oven-fresh in the inner-sealed WAXTITE bag. At all grocers'.

Kellogg's
RICE KRISPIES
7½d Per Packet

THE TYRES ON WHICH THE T.T. RACES ARE WON



T.T. Races have been won on DUNLOP ROAD RACING TYRES 29 times in the past 11 years.
Available with ribbed tread for front wheels.

DUNLOP

ROAD RACING MOTOR CYCLE TYRES

Dunlop Rubber Company Limited, Fort Dunlop, Birmingham. Branches throughout the World.

6H/215 C.F.H.

The POLITICIAN and his Conscience

by George LANSBURY

A VERY great deal of scorn, and some contempt is spoken and written about politicians, as if of necessity they must be either self-seeking rogues or harmless sentimental fools.

I have had a very long intimate, interesting experience of life in general, a life spent in close association with all sorts and conditions of people, good, bad and indifferent.

I do not think it is possible for me to say that once class or section of society is either wholly bad or altogether good. There are a few very bad in all ranks. The many want to be better than circumstances often allow them to be.

Long years ago, before any Socialists ever dreamed of reaching the Treasury bench, we used to declare against the thraldom of Party discipline and denounce Liberals and Tories as Party hacks because they voted as they were told.

Imperative

All this is now changed. All Parties, no matter what label they wear, unite in enforcing discipline on their members. I fancy there is a growing revolt throughout the House of Commons against this, and feel certain that very soon we shall find a much looser discipline and greater freedom of speech and voting.

This is imperative if Members are to follow the dictates of conscience and their own judgment. I do not think people who desire to keep their own minds free can ever willingly resign their conscience into the keeping of others.

I must, however, say "O conscience, what crimes are committed in thy name!" Like all other true and right things, we often abuse both it and its use, claiming protection where none should be needed or indeed can be given.

This is the crux of the question I ask: "Can a politician be a Christian?"

I think the answer is "Yes, just so far as any of us is able to be so."

None of us will ever be perfect. I do not think a world of the sort of perfect people we sometimes hear about would be the kind of world fit for persons like me to live in and enjoy.

Treasured wish

Ordinary people, like you and me, understand that for all of us life is a struggle. It matters not in what sphere we find ourselves.

In political life we find ourselves struggling against each other in order to improve and make life more tolerable for each other.

We do not carry our political warfare into our private relationships, though I confess that friendly as I feel towards my political opponents as men and women (and realising as we all must do the friendliness shown to us by opponents) it is not possible for me with truth to say I desire the same personal intercourse with Tories as I do with the average Socialist, even though some of these are as trying and difficult for me to endure, as I must be on occasion to them.

Where our treasured wish and hope is, "there is our heart also." That cannot but govern our friendships in politics.

Why are we politicians? What is the impelling force which makes us propagandists and sometimes fanatics in our advocacy of Toryism, Liberalism, or Socialism?

In the main, most people are actuated by a belief in something which includes their own well-being, and the well-being of others.

In my own case, politics as social service became part of my life, not by design, nor from any innate goodness. I just grew into it, first as a Band of Hope boy, then at debating classes and mock parliaments, right on to where I am now.

But it is absolute truth to say of myself that personal ambition never entered in. Had it done so, I am confident that my career, good or bad as it has been, would never have begun. It is never possible, even now, for me to make a decision on a public question except on purely social or religious grounds.

I do most certainly strive to retain the means of earning my living, but position never has, and now, I am sure, never will, weigh with me in coming to a decision as to what is the right or the wrong policy on any given subject connected with public affairs.

This is nothing for anyone, least of all for me, to boast about. My mental make-up is such that to be truthfully thought evil of is something which it is impossible for me to stand.

Any of us can be misunderstood or misjudged—that does not matter and hurts me not a bit. What does hurt is to know that the criticism and apparent evil spoken of us is to any extent true. We who are in politics are always in the blaze of publicity. We are watched in order to be tripped up. But this is of no importance if we can remain captains of our souls.

Parliament opens its proceedings with prayer. At first, and for some time during 1910-12, I felt this service was pure formalism.

Somehow, it has become more real, and when listening to the late Canon Wilberforce, and then later to Canon Carnegie, I have thought that the prayers were more real, more a part of us.

I cannot believe we are all humbugs as we stand and by our demeanour show that we are, for one brief moment, engaged in something which is at one and the same time personal and impersonal. I do not think of myself as a prig or a hypocrite, so why should I think worse of my colleagues?

We turn from our prayers to the business of the day. I wish it were more possible for me and all my colleagues to carry the spirit of service into our work; because say what we may, it is the spirit of those services transformed into life and action that we must have if we are to build the city of God.

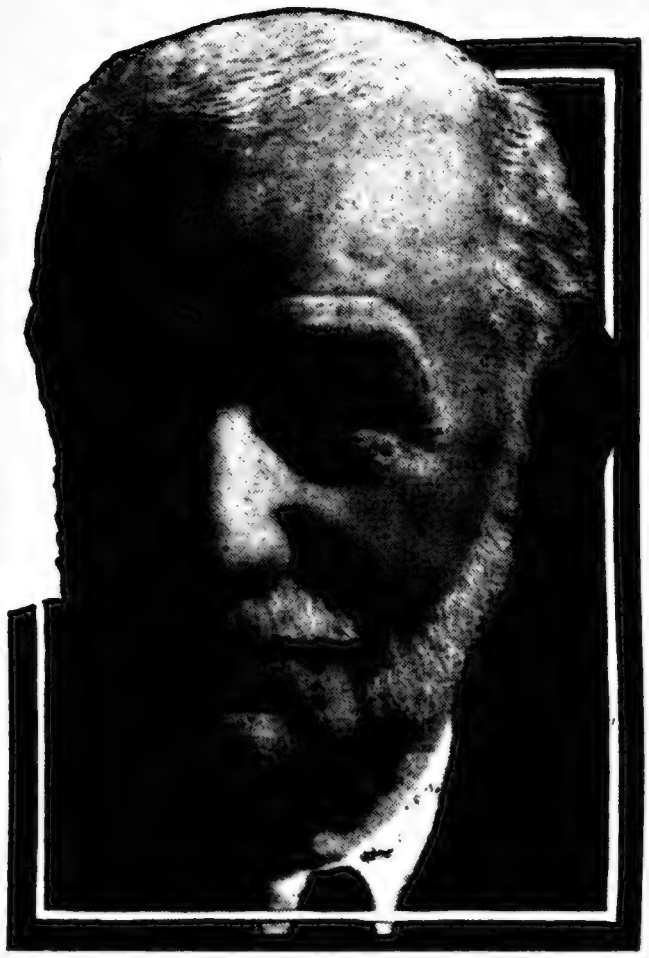
We who possess faith in the power of the Gospels are able to bear our witness to the truths which carry us through the storms and difficulties of our political lives.

We shall, no doubt, often betray the Master and the cause we profess and desire to serve.

But we shall do so less and less the more we put behind us personal ambition, replacing this by earnest desire and effort at all times to put truth before expediency; and always be willing to see in others as much goodness as we possibly can.

I sometimes almost despair of making this part of life as clear to others as it is to me.

We all find ourselves set in the midst of a troublous world—a world that should be filled with the joy and peace of happy men and women.



"We in politics are always in the blaze of publicity. We are watched in order to be tripped up. But this is of no importance if we can remain captain of our souls"

Comrades together

We who believe that our religion is the way of life, are only able, if we are to live, to give partial service to our ideals. The struggle to live is so hard and difficult that we feel like giving up, surrendering to the tide which carries most people along.

I know many, many men and women who, possessing no religious faith, are in this respect far nobler than many professing Christians. Such people have in them, unrecognised by themselves, the spirit which comes from the God of the Universe.

We can without question work together, and when the roll-call is sounded, we shall find that we have been comrades together, working for the true common weal.

Politics will play an ever-increasing part in our lives. I would like to remove all "prizes" out of the government and administration of affairs, both in Parliament and in local affairs. Leaders and followers should all be equal in status and remuneration. All of us should be as those who serve.

Only meaning

This is at present only a dream. The Socialist co-operative world for which I work is, however, one where the only laudable ambition will be one which will compel people to give their talents freely and without reserve for the service of each other. Christian teaching has no other meaning.

Although you and I cannot in our daily lives, whether as politicians or anything else, live up to the full stature of our Faith, we are able at all times to hold high the banner of our religion and do our utmost to bring in the time when conditions will enable us to live together as we desire to live.

Because at the moment our religion seems impracticable of complete application to our daily lives, never forget we can possess our own souls; we are able to commune with God and gather from that communion of faith, inspiration and strength to carry on.

We are able to do this in the world of political action as effectively as in any other walk of life.

Cottage Down the Lane

ALTHOUGH fire travels with alarming rapidity, it is never as quick as the news which brings help rushing to the spot.

For instance, when "the little cottage down the lane" in a Scottish village caught fire recently, the local volunteer firemen had been rallied from their various homes and jobs and were on the spot long before the position was hopeless.

And then the heart-breaking discovery was made that that secluded home was too far away from a water supply for the hydrants to reach it—the jets of water were falling short, while great tongues of flame were rising high through the roof.

By the time a more powerful engine from a neighbouring town was on the spot, the building and its contents were doomed.

It was a sad-looking family that watched the destruction of its home. The husband recalled that he had never paid a shilling in fire insurance premiums, and the damage—well, the extent of it was much as he could earn in many months of hard work.

No, they had never *paid* for fire insurance, but they had it all the same, together with protection against many other dire happenings as well.

Because they had once filled in a coupon which JOHN BULL reprints every week—and which is on page 2 to-day for your benefit—we covered their tragic losses.

The rest they tell for themselves in a letter to us: "Thank you for the cheque. . . . We were not covered in any other way. . . . We pinned our faith in JOHN BULL, and I am proud to say that JOHN BULL did not let us down."

* * *

And JOHN BULL will stand by you, too, if you fill in that coupon now

Astor-Aga Khan
Racing

THIS IS HOW the
should finish if the betting
was to be believed. Six
from two great stables he
list almost together
Pay Up and Rhodes Schol
Lord Astor's pair, and th
Khan has a trio in Taj
Bala Hissar and Mahmou
Alfred Butt's Noble King
trained in the Aga Khan

THE DERBY
BIG

AT Epsom next Wednesday two millionaires will shake hands—whatever the result of the Derby. Success may not have come to either of them in the great race, but a private duel they have been engaged in and on which they have spent kings' ransoms will be temporarily at an end.

One will be His Highness the Aga Khan, whose all-weathers smile never fails to mask his true feelings, and who does not bet, for the simple reason that any winnings would be to him like so many pence to an ordinary man.

The other will be Lord Astor, who never smiles, who only goes racing on special occasions, and who does not bet because he and his M.P. wife both say bluntly that gambling is the pastime of fools.

These two men are determined to win this Derby, but it is not the big stake that counts with them. If either of them does win, he will probably give away most of the prize to his jockey, trainer and stable people.

The Aga Khan, who has won the Derby twice and all the other classics except the One Thousand Guineas, has now £500,000 of capital locked up in bloodstock somewhere or other, and it is vital to him that he shall have Derby winners periodically to justify his vast breeding plans for the future.

Lord Astor has also won all the classics—except the Derby, in which he had a third last year and five seconds previously in seven years. Strangely, he has won The Oaks as often as he has been second in the Derby.

He has been able to make his racing pay without success in the greatest of all races, but this year he has gone all out to put a stranglehold on Fate so that the jade may no longer elude him in the Derby.

There is majesty in numbers, and to make sure that his colours would be in the field, the Aga Khan actually entered twelve horses for the Derby. Of these he now intends to be represented by three on Wednesday—Bala Hissar, Taj Akbar and Mahmoud.

Lord Astor went so far as to have two colts of different types specially bred for this Derby to avenge his ill-luck in the past. They are Pay Up and Rhodes Scholar, and the present arrangement is that these two alone shall appear out of an original entry of six.

A mockery

Not for a generation has the Derby offered a more tantalising problem. All the horses which were the winter favourites because they were supreme as two-year-olds are now in complete disgrace, and those which until recently were unknown outsiders are vying with each other for the lead in an open betting market.

The performances of practically all the horses in the race so far this year have made a mockery of the form book. A favourite is made one day to be deposed the next.

The only significant fact in the betting in the two weeks before the Derby has been that the first six horses in the list all come from the stables of which the Aga Khan and Lord Astor are the patrons.

There is no doubt that the Aga Khan had hoped to win this Derby with Bala Hissar, who was officially rated as the best two-year-old of last year. All went well until last month with this very good-looking bay, who has not only a most intelligent head, but has the greatest powers of propulsion possibly ever seen in the quarters of any Derby horse for forty years.

Then one day five weeks ago, Mr. Frank Butters, the Aga Khan's trainer, was upset to see Bala Hissar with his tongue hanging out and a piteous look in his big brown eyes. The poor animal had toothache! The horse dentist was sent for and some extractions were made.

Next day Bala Hissar had to run in the important Craven Stakes at Newmarket. He was ridden with the greatest respect for his tender gums, and everyone was satisfied when he finished close up, fifth.

Twelve days later, having apparently forgotten his toothache and, back to his old good humour, Bala Hissar appeared in the Two Thousand Guineas. He was the first to be beaten early in the race, and finished very nearly last.

The Derby favourite tumbled from his throne. In despair his trainer has now fitted him with blinkers, and no horse has ever won the Derby wearing this kind of bad ornament.

Although Bala Hissar won a race easily last Friday at Haydock, the performance was valueless as a Derby guide, because the opposition was of the feeblest kind.

As the mighty fell, so did the obscure come into their own. Bala Hissar had a humble, galloping companion named Taj Akbar, whom the bookmakers treated so lightly that they offered the contemptuous odds of 100 to 1 against his chance in the Derby. The price seemed justified when Taj Akbar was beaten on his first appearance this year by another little-known Derby horse named Couvert, and again when at Epsom he could only scramble home a winner from Rhodes Scholar, one of Lord Astor's horses, who ran like the baby he then was.

Twelve days afterwards Taj Akbar became a transformed horse. He ran in the Chester Vase, a race won by great horses like Papyrus, Hyperion and Windsor Lad before their Derby victories. There seemed little hope for him, because he was meeting Bobsleigh, one of the best four-year-olds in the country, at weight-for-age, and was being called upon to concede 13 lb. to the Yorkshire-trained Thankerton, who was third in the Two Thousand Guineas this year.

Fastest yet

It was an extraordinary race. Taj Akbar, far at the tail-end of the field, seemed helpless and outclassed. Then he swooped down on Bobsleigh and Thankerton with a speed not seen on any racecourse for many years. Both these good horses were fully extended, but Taj Akbar beat them hollow.

Gordon Richards, the champion jockey, rode Taj Akbar that day, and he hopes to be on him at Epsom to win the Derby for the first time in his career. Richards has ridden the fastest horses in the

...an Duel in the ...cing Riddle of the Century

IS HOW the Derby inish if the betting market be believed. Six horses o great stables head the ist almost together and Rhodes Scholar are tor's pair, and the Aga s a trio in Taj Akbar, ssar and Mahmoud. Sir Butt's Noble King is also in the Aga Khan's stable

Two

world. He says that he has never been on one which moved faster than Taj Akbar did in the last furlong of the Chester Vase.

In less than a fortnight this horse had improved a stone and a half. And in ten seconds, from a despised outsider, he was promoted for the time being to be Derby favourite.

Taj Akbar is a colt by the classic winner Fairway, whose son and daughter, Pay Up and Tideway, have won the first two classic races of this year. It seems a foregone conclusion that before long Fairway will have dispossessed Blandford as the champion sire.

A white horse has never won the Derby, but a grey filly named Tagalie did so twenty-four years ago. Mahmoud, the Aga Khan's third runner, is described in the stud book as a grey, and he started life in that colour. But he is now nearly pure white and he becomes whiter every day.

The other week his trainer was away from Newmarket for a few days' racing and when he returned and had a look at Mahmoud the horse had become so much more bleached that he thought at first that the stable boys must have been trying to make the animal still prettier by daubing him with pipe-clay.

This ghost horse, who had been a splendid two-year-old, provided the first of the season's shocks and gave a clue to the topsy-turvy results which were to follow when he started favourite but failed miserably in the semi-classic Greenham Plate at Newbury. Although the course was fetlock-deep in mud, Mahmoud was there and then written down as a non-stayer and an almost hopeless proposition for the Derby. He retrieved his good name by finishing second in the Two Thousand Guineas, but he had to be ingeniously ridden by Donoghue to get there with an electrifying burst of finishing speed.

Although he is a son of the Derby winner Blenheim, and a grandson of Blandford, Mahmoud is out of a daughter of the flying Mumtaz Mahal, and is therefore clearly bred as a sprinter. But it has to be admitted that he is the only one of the crack two-year-olds of last year who has so far lived up to his reputation.

If Mr. Frank Butters cannot do the trick with the Aga Khan's trio, he has still a reserve and possibly a master-card up his sleeve. This is Sir Alfred Butt's Noble King, who has done the best of all the Derby horses that have run. More than any other horse, he has shown the ability to get a mile and a half at a true pace.

Noble King has had the extraordinary distinction of having been mentioned in the Budget leakage enquiry. Mr. J. H. Thomas, the Colonial Secretary, revealed that Sir Alfred Butt had come to his private room in Whitehall and told him that Noble King would win the Derby.

If you asked the stable lads who go to the racecourses what is most likely to win this year they would unanimously tell you Noble King.

Their judgment is not based on his prowess alone but because Noble King wags his tail gently like a pendulum when he walks. An angry swishing tail in running is a sign of vice or bad temper, but when a horse swings his tail lazily in the paddocks it is the hall-mark of the great racer who will not give way in the fiercest struggle.

The breeding of Noble King—by Noble Star out of Queen Canidia—certainly does not suggest classic possibilities, but he is bigger all round in size than his sire who won the Cesarewitch and was one of the greatest stayers of his time. His action and conformation are nearly right for the peculiarities of the Epsom track, although it has to be admitted that he is somewhat long-striding for that course.

Noble King, although receiving a stone, was a very easy winner of the Greenham Stakes in which his stable mate Mahmoud put up such a poor show. But his next success was far more convincing. Two days after his other stable companion, Taj Akbar, had so sensationally won the Chester Vase, Noble King ran on the same course and over the same distance of a mile and a half. He carried 17 lb. more than Taj Akbar did and yet took only only three-fifths of a second more on the journey.

Noble King has the advantage over the rest of the Derby horses in his stable that he was not entered for any of the other classic races and his trainer has been able, therefore, to concentrate on his preparation for the Derby alone.

Heavy-topped

Which is the better of Lord Astor's pair—Pay Up or Rhodes Scholar? Neither Lord Astor nor his very astute racing manager, Mr. Gerald Deane, could supply the correct answer, not even if their fortunes depended upon it. And if they could, they most likely would not tell. The Manton stable, in Wiltshire, where Mr. J. Lawson trains for Lord Astor, is conducted on strictly commercial lines and not for philanthropy or for the benefit of the betting public.

The little news that does escape from the privacy of the Manton gallops suggests that at home Rhodes Scholar is superior to Pay Up. The racecourse evidence has been the opposite. After winning the Free Handicap, Pay Up, who is a son of Fairway, went on to gain the Two Thousand Guineas, in which Rhodes Scholar was fourth, less than two lengths away.

IN VICTORY OR DEFEAT the Aga Khan is always beaming. Lord Astor rarely smiles

Notwithstanding his Epsom race against Taj Akbar, however, Rhodes Scholar then still ran like a novice and he was not driven at all. On a galloping course over a mile and a half or further there is little doubt that Rhodes Scholar would beat Pay Up. But he is a heavy-topped horse and in a fair-run race in the Derby, Pay Up, a neat and workmanlike little animal, should be more suited to the Epsom turns and gradients.

Backers of Rhodes Scholar may be inspired by the old adage—"Fourth in the Guineas, first in the Derby."

Like Taj Akbar, Pay Up comes round bends with the agility of a polo pony. What the public will not learn about Pay Up until Derby Day is whether or not he can stay a mile and a half.

Manton also has a reserve to Lord Astor's splendid pair. It is Raeburn, a brother of Orpen, which was bought by Mr. S. D. Hollingsworth, a newcomer to racing, for 5,600 guineas. It brought him beginner's luck this year by smoothly winning the Column Produce Stakes at Newmarket from another of Lord Astor's Derby entries, Double Remove. But in the Two Thousand Guineas Raeburn had to be hard-pressed to escape the disgrace of finishing absolutely last.

So the Derby presents the public with perhaps the greatest mix-up in form ever known. The good horses have kept on beating each other, and sometimes the bad have prevailed over the good.

In other respects, it will be an absurd kind of Derby field because three horses—Bala Hissar, M. Boussac's Abjer, and Lord Carnarvon's His Grace—will all be wearing blinkers and hoods. No spectacle like that has ever been seen at Epsom and the Derby has certainly never been won by a hooded horse—the badge of the rogue.

But this is a Derby in which anything may happen.

A white blackbird, a canary, and a black cat may have something to do with it. These are the mascots which Rufus Beasley, the jockey to Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort's successful stable, has acquired for Derby luck.

Beasley can have the choice of Monument, Boswell, or the American-owned Flares from the one stable. Boswell will perhaps be the most handsome horse in the Derby, but Monument, being a son of the mud-larking Sansovino who won twelve years ago, would have almost a favourite's chance if the ground became soft.

By the same token, St. Magnus would also have to be supported if it is a wet Derby and if Lord Derby decides to run him. He, too, is a Sansovino colt.

In the North they believe that the race is at the mercy of Mrs. Shand's Thankerton, who was third in the Two Thousand Guineas but who, with a big difference of weights in his favour, was later slammed by Taj Akbar at Chester.

If Thankerton prevails, it will be the first time a woman owner and a black horse have won the Epsom race. Thankerton is officially described as brown, but he is of the funeral coach type—in colour only.

Topsy-turvy

Recognising that it is a race of a hundred chances, the Duke of Norfolk a few weeks ago commissioned Steve Donoghue, a fine judge, to buy a horse for him in France to run in the Derby. One named Bel Aethel has been acquired, and he certainly looks the part and has the recommendation of high-class performance. But it is difficult to believe that M. Leon Volterro, the former owner, and one of the astutest business men in France, would so easily part with a possible Derby winner.

Of the real outsiders, two stand out. They are Barrystar, trained at Epsom by W. Nightingall, and the Maharajah of Rajpipla's Carioca, trained by Marcus Marsh. These two horses were respectively first and second in the Derby Trial Stakes at Lingfield, a race won by April the Fifth, the Derby winner of four years ago. Carioca was somewhat unlucky on that occasion, but Barrystar was travelling at the end like the proverbial fire engine.

It is an axiom in selecting a prospective Derby winner to pick it from a list of horses which have already won, or nearly won, good races over a mile and a half. Usually it is a fairly long list. But so topsy-turvy have been things this year that there are only four horses qualified to be included on this occasion. They are Noble King, Taj Akbar, Barrystar and Carioca.

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It Won a DERBY FORTUNE and a BRIDE . .

The slim rider was helpless, but Wally put himself in the gelding's path and made an heroic rescue

DREAM BET

THE last place I would have looked for Wally Kent, as I will call him, would have been the exclusive paddock at Epsom on Derby Day. When I saw him there last year I was even more surprised to observe that he was sporting a badge on his lapel which showed that he had paid the heavy admission fees for all the reserved enclosures.

My business takes me to the racecourses almost daily, and it must have been nearly five years since I last saw Wally Kent on one. Somebody had told me once that he must be completely down and out because he was sleeping in lodging houses.

I looked at him with curiosity for a few minutes. His trim little figure was darting in and out of the crowd on the paddock rails watching the rug-covered satin-coated horses being walked round before they went out to run for the Derby. His interest, I saw, was on one horse—Bahram, the favourite—and he was rushing about so that it was never out of his sight.

For a moment, Wally concealed himself behind the broad shoulders of two sporting journalists.

An explanation loomed up in the figure of a racecourse detective. Quietly he called Wally out from the throng and said something which threw the other man into a state of extreme agitation.

I am telling his story because I have his permission to do so. You will be able to judge his type by some facts about his history.

For years, until he vanished about 1931, he had lived by his wits in the racing world, but he never turned rogue. Once he was a light-weight boxing champion and, but for a mishap in training, would have certainly represented his country in international events in the year the war broke out.

❖ IN the war, he won the Military Cross as a yeomanry subaltern. He came home to find himself penniless and untrained for any ordinary job. His family's small fortune had been wiped out in a night by a tornado that swept the plantations of Jamaica.

Wally's only asset was his skill with horses and his handy riding weight. He turned it to bad account by becoming a professional jumping jockey abroad. The only mounts he got were unschooled, chicken-hearted horses exploited by unscrupulous trainers to cheat the handicapper.

His great heart and daring mind had done the best with these brutes, but the inevitable happened. One day, a half-trained horse he was riding broke its back at a stone wall hiding a treacherous water ditch. Wally's was only half-broken.

Pronounced unfit ever to ride again, and without a shilling, he made his way back after months in hospital to the English race tracks, and there existed somehow by whispering "inspired" information to mug punters with more money than judgment.

Then, about five years ago, he was seen no more in the betting rings.

Wally was now assuring the detective at Epsom that his reappearance on the racecourse did not mean that he had come back to his old method of earning a livelihood as a pestering tipster.

"Please—please," I heard Wally say imploringly, "just let me stay to see the Derby. I'll clear out as soon as it's over. It—it may be the last race I'll ever see."

I was only a yard away and could tell there was something very unusual in diminutive Wally's appeal. His brown eyes were moist and there was pathos in his brown monkey face. "Look here," I said to the detective. "I'll stand bail for Wally. I'm leaving immediately after the race and will see that he comes off the course with me."

That proved good enough. He turned away and Wally, with a last look at Bahram, went with me to the grand stand in Tattersall's.

"Isn't Bahram sweating terribly? D'you think it'll make any difference?" Wally, as we walked, asked me the questions almost despairingly. I surmised that he had been betting too heavily on the favourite, but this exhibition of nervousness was extraordinary in such a hardened customer. But tens of thousands of people were very concerned at that moment about the lather on Bahram's coat. The Aga Khan's horse was still the hottest favourite for a generation, but his price was distinctly easing because of his excited condition.

JOHN BULL readers' stories

❖ THE perfectly mounded, beautifully balanced Bahram had hardly broken into a canter after the parade, however, before his nervousness disappeared, and by the time he got to the starting gate I could see with my glasses that he was cool and dry and docile. I mentioned this fact to Wally.

"Oh, thank heaven," was all he said. I noticed that the little man was now shaking like a jelly from head to foot.

Fiction writers are wont to describe the Derby always as a thrilling race. Actually, it is seldom so. There is usually far more racing excitement in a two-year-old, five furlongs, selling plate event. The Derby winner begins to advertise himself when the field wheels into the straight after coming down the hill to Tattenham Corner, and from that point an expert race reader is usually able to name the victor in twice.

There were a few agonising seconds to Bahram's backers when the colt got boxed in, but he extricated himself from trouble as a good horse knows how. Below the distance, Bahram shot to the front like a piston from its cylinder and, barring accident, the race was over.

"The favourite wins!" The Downs were echoing with the cry.

I felt a tug at my trouser leg. Looking down, I was amazed to see Wally on his haunches among the feet of the spectators. "Is that right—what they're shouting?" he screeched. "Is it winning?" I found out afterwards that Wally had been unable to brace himself to watch a single yard of the running.

I glanced back at the course. Bahram was almost at the post, winning hard held, and Fred Fox, his jockey, peeking cheekily over his shoulder at his helpless pursuers. I nodded the news to Wally that all was well.

"Lucy will be listening on the wireless," I heard him mutter. The remark was unintelligible to me and I paid no attention because the fellow was clearly distraught. He was bathed in perspiration and quivering with emotion.

I assisted Wally to his feet and guided

(Continued on page 28)

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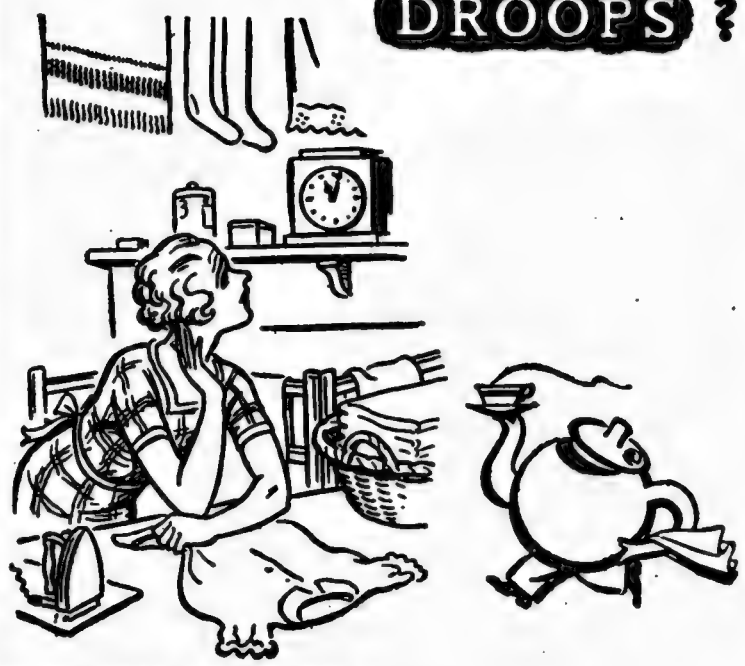

THERE ARE mornings when the hands of the clock just *won't* get a move on. You seem to have been working for hours and hours, but the hands only crawl along. Just see what a change a cup of tea will make!

All your work seems to be much easier afterwards—and time begins to fly again.

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Every day—twice a day, I use PEPSODENT—the creamy soft tooth paste that keeps my teeth white and sparkling.

My dentist told me that even naturally white teeth soon become dull with Film if it is not removed regularly. Film is always forming, it absorbs stains which spoil good-looking teeth. Now I remove Film that's all I need worry about. I know my teeth are safe.

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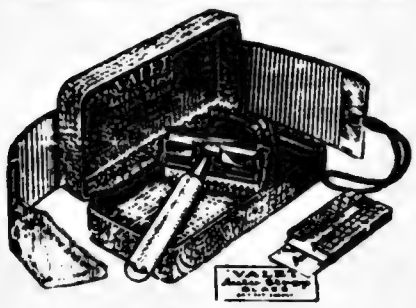

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Dear Sirs, Southampton.

I wish to convey my appreciation of your "Wonder Ointment" Germolene. I have been subject to eczema on my hands and arms for the past 7 or 8 years. My doctor gave me several different lotions and ointments, but none gave relief. Then about a year ago my sister's baby was vaccinated and he came out in terrible sores and rash. After giving him all sorts of treatment she thought she would try Germolene, and in less than a week there was a marked improvement. Taking heart from the result I gave it a trial for the eczema on my hands and I can honestly say I felt relief after the first application. I am doubly grateful, and would not be without a tin of Germolene in the house for anything. Again expressing my apreciation and many thanks. (Signed) Mrs. M.T.

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NEW 6D SIZE

In addition to the Standard Tins. Price 1/3, 3/- & 12/-, Tubes 4/6

For PILES Use GERMOLOIDS

Brand 1/3 *per box.*

DREAM BET—*continued from page 26*

him through the crowd off the course. On the way, we passed the beaming Aga Khan going to the Royal box to receive the King's congratulations. I don't think Wally even noticed the owner of the horse which had somehow unknown to me played a big part in his fate.

I put Wally in the back of my car and drove him to London. Once or twice I looked at him and the impression he gave me was that of a person coming out of an anæsthetic.

At my club, I ordered a double brandy and soda for Wally. When the drink was down, I invited him to tell me what it was all about. "How much have you won?" I asked.

"*How much?*" Wally almost screamed back the question. "By Bendigo!" he said, "I've won a wife—and a fortune."

From his pocket Wally took out a wad of papers pinned together and cast it in front of me. It was a bunch of bookmakers' ante-post betting vouchers on the Derby, representing winnings, I reckoned, of about £26,000.

I mentioned this figure to Wally. "No," he said. "£27,084 13s. 4d." He knew the amount to the last penny.

I looked again at the vouchers. They were certainly the most extraordinary collection of documents of the kind I had ever seen. Staring out at me was the fact that Wally had been betting on Bahram to win the Derby for at least two years The earliest bets had been struck long before it was even known to the public that such a horse as Bahram existed, and certainly nearly a year before the colt had appeared as a juvenile on any racecourse.

❖ THERE were three bets of £5,000 to £10 each taken even before Bahram had been broken in or the Derby entries published. The bookmakers must have thought they were getting easy money from anyone so foolish as to bet two years in advance on a race like the Derby.

From 500-1, the odds which Wally had accepted had, of course, progressively fallen as Bahram's ability and promise became better known. But every month Wally seemed to have invested not less than £15, and quite a number of the vouchers showed odds of 150-1 and 100-1. But Wally had continued betting without a break at all kinds of prices until Bahram became a 7-4 favourite in the week before the race.

Then Wally told me the whole story. After quitting the racecourses, he had got occasional work as a stable lad, and once found a temporary job at the Aga Khan's stud where one of the horses he had to attend was a sweet little mare named Friar's Daughter.

One day he was walking from Newmarket town to the Heath when he saw a black gelding bolting from the gallops into the highway with a terrified girl in the saddle. The horse was travelling at racing speed, and the slim, frail rider had lost all control.

❖ WALLY did not tell me the facts in these terms, but I found afterwards that he had made a most heroic rescue. He put himself in the gelding's path, and, as it came on to him, he dived between the bearing rein and its neck until his weight arrested its progress for a second or two—sufficient for the helpless girl to leap to the ground. But the horse went on and trampled on Wally. He was in the Rous Hospital at Newmarket for weeks.

The rider whom he had saved was Miss Lucy ——, daughter of a rich business man and racehorse owner. She and Wally fell in love.

After recovering, Wally was sent for to receive the thanks of the girl's father, but the latter was nonplussed when Wally asked both for his daughter's hand in marriage and a permanent job in his stable.

"What are you doing now?" asked Lucy's father

Wally told him that he only had temporary work valeting Friar's Daughter.

"Well, said the father, "I'll make a bet with you. If Friar's Daughter ever foals a colt that wins the Derby and you can show me that you are worth £10,000, you can have Lucy—if she isn't married before that."

It was a sportsman's polite way of dismissing a hopeless suitor. Of course, there was no prospect of Friar's Daughter ever breeding a Derby winner. It was true she had great racing blood in her veins, but the Aga Khan had bought her for only 250 guineas, and in all her racing career she had only won one small race value £168. And how Wally must have grimaced at the thought that he would ever possess £10,000!

Wally went from Newmarket to London, where he got a job in a warehouse. One night he dreamed that Friar's Daughter spoke to him. She told him that she would have a son who would win the Derby and that its name would commence with the letter "B."

Sure enough, not long afterwards, Wally heard that Friar's Daughter had been mated with Blandford, the greatest of all living sires, and that a fine male foal had been born. While it was still a youngster, with legs like withes, Wally also learned from a stable-boy friend at Newmarked that it was to go into the stud book with the name of Bahram. The letter "B."

❖ AT that time Wally was earning £5 a week. He begun to live on a fifth of that sum. That was why he had been sleeping in doss-houses. The balance was invested regularly at fancy prices on Bahram to win the Derby.

As Wally put back the valuable vouchers in his pocket, I asked him if he thought Lucy's father would take the matter seriously. "Of course, he will," Wally exclaimed. "A bet's a bet. He must honour it."

And so it proved. Some weeks later a cardboard box came to me by post with a note inside the lid. It read:—

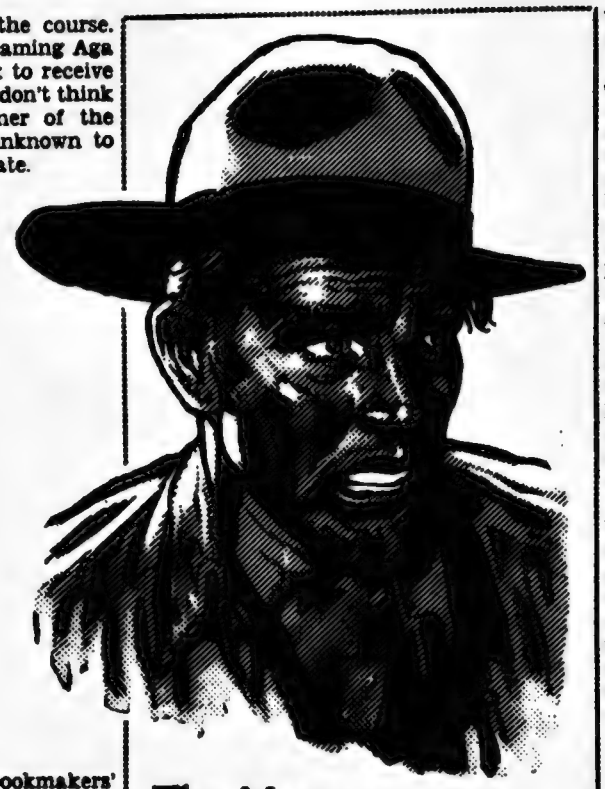
Lucy's guv'nor was O.K. Here is the evidence. The bookies also paid up in full. Cheer-io.—Wally.

Inside the box was a chunk of wedding cake.

I saw Wally again last February when I went to a hunting meet in Leicestershire, where he and his wife are now living. Wally was attired in the red ceremonial garment of the chase and was obviously proud of his ownership of a stalwart chestnut mare. His wife, to whom I was introduced, was also there, but she was not in riding kit.

When I asked Wally why she, a capable horsewoman, was not going out with hounds, he motioned me to bend down so that he could whisper something in my ear. "Doctor's advice. We're expecting an Event—it will be about Two Thousand Guineas time," was what he said.

They invited me to tea at their home after the hunt. I noticed that there was a picture of Bahram in every room of the house. There was even a small one in the bathroom.



The Mystery Stranger *you'll meet in next week's story, in which a* John Bull *reader recounts a dramatic adventure that befell him on his honeymoon voyage*

Greatest of These—

A War Sufferer

Wilfred

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Wilfred has suffered from asthma since he was two. His father, who up to the time of his enlistment, at the age of nineteen, had never been treated for any complaint, has been constantly in the doctor's hands since 1917, when he was severely wounded.

He was operated on twice, went to France again in the spring of 1918, and was discharged with a 20 per cent. disability pension in January, 1919.

After he had been reinstated at his old job for a few months he had to have another operation. Twelve months after his discharge his pension terminated. In September, 1930, he underwent an operation for duodenal ulcer. In 1931 he had to enter hospital for another operation to his thigh. He returned to his work in March, 1931, and the following November was brought hom suffering from severe pains in his chest.

He is now unable to work, suffering from asthma.

In addition to Wilfred, there is a boy aged eleven and a girl of five, making five people to live on 35s. a week.

The doctor, who has known Wilfred's father for nine years, states that his character is irreproachable.

Donations earmarked "Wilfred," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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"I suffered from anæmia for over two years," states Mrs. D. Halliburn, of 35, Alton Road, Tuebrook, Liverpool. "I was always languid and had no appetite. I grew thin and weak and felt as though I could not do a thing. I had fits of crying, could not sleep, and was reduced to a nervous wreck. Life was a misery; nothing seemed to give me any relief.

"One day I read about Dr. Williams pink pills and decided to try them. I took the pills regularly, and after three weeks showed signs of improvement. The languor left me, and I slept well and became cheerful and energetic. I progressed steadily, until to-day I am like a new woman, absolutely fit and able to enjoy life to the full."

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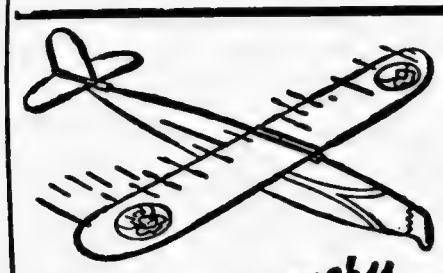
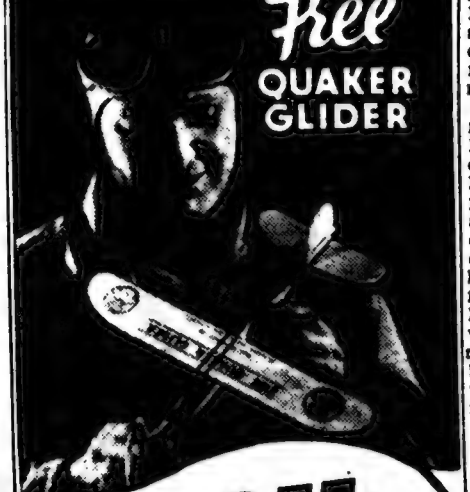


"I spent a very pleasurable half hour testing it" says

C.W.A. SCOTT

THE FAMOUS AIRMAN



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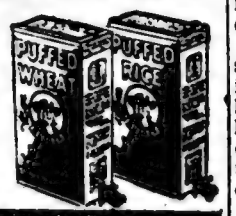

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ADDRESS _____

Post in 1½d. stamped, sealed envelope. (This offer applies in the U.K. only)

P.1OpA

WHEN *Revenge* is *Bitter-sweet*

The bitter-sweet fruits of vengeance—when one's child hears evil gossip of her mother's past—of an indiscretion committed to spite an erring husband

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

by

PHILIP INMAN

"SWEET is revenge," says Byron. I wonder if it is? I think Milton is nearer the truth when he says, "Revenge, at first, though sweet, bitter ere long, back on itself recoils." Here is a woman reader who has discovered the meaning of that bitter sweet:

Some years ago, she writes, I had a terrible shock, for I discovered that my husband was the father of a baby by another woman. It nearly broke my heart, because I thought he was above that kind of thing.

Our home life has never been the same since. We moved away from the district and I was thankful that our small daughter was not old enough to understand what had happened. Then, as the years passed, I could think of nothing else but getting my own back.

I met a man who fell in love with me, and though I knew it was wrong I encouraged him in every way. I often went out with him when I ought to have been at home. My husband knew all about it, but in view of his own lapse he never said anything to me.

Now I have wished many times since that I had stopped to think of the consequences. My daughter is now a young woman, and she and her father are the closest friends. The other day she came home very much hurt, for someone she knew had said to her that I was not as good as I might be by a long way, but that a better man than her father had never walked the streets.

She wanted to know what it all meant, and though I managed to put it off I am sure she will question me again before very long. She, of course, knows nothing about her father's fault, and I am wondering what I ought to do for the best.

My first reflection on reading this letter was that my correspondent had acted wisely in "putting off" her daughter. She could not deny the accusation, nor, without involving her husband, could she explain the reason for her association with that man. To refuse to discuss the matter at all seemed the best way out. And then I thought again. If she does that, her daughter is going to remain unsatisfied. She may return to her informant and insist upon being told the whole facts. Then the truth would come to light. And as that person is obviously a mischief-maker, the story would probably be exaggerated.

NOW one thing is quite clear in my mind. That husband's lapse of years ago should not be resurrected. It would do no good and it might do a great deal of harm. This girl and her father are the closest friends and that relationship might be damaged beyond repair.

"That is all very well," says my correspondent, "but what about me?" She is obviously sorry about her past and I hope that it, too, may be buried. I think her best plan is to tell her husband exactly what has happened. He can do two things. He is obviously well thought of by that tale-teller.

He should go to her and say that his daughter has told him of her disclosure, and he can ask her not to add to what she has already said. He can point out that he was aware of his wife's friendship with this man and as he made no objection to it no outsider should do so.

It may be that this will close her lips. If that fails, then I think these parents should act together. They could have a quiet talk with their daughter. They could say: "There are one or two matters in both our lives that happened in the past and for which we are sorry. Everybody makes mistakes and we have made ours, but we have forgiven each other and we want to forget all about it. It will only cause us pain to have them brought up again now."

Their daughter would, I feel sure, respond to an appeal of that kind.

That girl's mother had some reason in her own mind for going off the rails.

But here is a correspondent who seems to have had none at all:

I have a very good and devoted husband, she says, and we have two children. A few months ago, as I had been ill, my husband arranged to send me to a convalescent home, and while there I met a young man who was also married, but who told me that he and his wife did not get on at all well together.

We spent almost the whole time in each other's company, and I grew very fond of him, and, as he lives quite near, we promised to see one another when we returned home. To my great distress I now find I am going to have a baby by him, and I am terrified of my husband getting to know, for I am sure it will mean the breaking up of our home, in which we have all been so very happy.

I have not seen the man since I came back, but that does not mean anything, for the damage has been done. Do you think I should tell my husband and risk the consequences or wait until he finds out?

It would be easy to reproach this woman for her betrayal of her husband's love and devotion, but she has not written to me to hear words of condemnation. She wants my advice.

She must confess everything.

WHAT will happen if she does not take this advice? She will be tormented by remorse; she will live in constant dread of her unfaithfulness becoming known; she may become the prey of the blackmailer—either the man who is responsible for her condition or others who may learn her secret. And the presence of a child in the home would be a perpetual reminder of her indiscretion.

On the other hand, suppose she tells her husband—what then? First of all, she will clear her conscience and that will ensure peace of mind. Should she obtain his forgiveness the black shadow will disappear from her life.

Then, in order to blot out this unfortunate episode, arrangements might be made for the baby to be adopted. It will need courage for this girl to confess everything to her husband. But if she is ever to know peace and happiness again it is the only way.

There is always room for suspicion when a married man pays attention to a single girl. Someone is almost sure to be hurt. Listen to this story:

Five years ago I came to know a man who worked at the same place as I did, and we grew to love each other. He told me that he was married and had a family, but for three years we remained friends. Then, as the position became intolerable, I gave up my job to take other work in a distant town where I should not be obliged to meet him daily.

Recently, however, another man has been paying me attention, but he also is married. He tells me that though he and his wife live in the same house they no longer have any affection for each other. He has just started business on his own, and says that when his financial position is a little stronger he will make a break with his wife and give her grounds for divorce without dragging my name into it.

If I thought there was a reasonable chance of his obtaining his freedom I would stand by him, for he attracts me, but otherwise I feel sure it would be better to break off the relationship at once. Please tell me what I ought to do.

I wonder if my correspondent has ever heard the old song, "Do not trust him, gentle maiden"? Why do I ask that? Because, quite frankly, I am not impressed by this man's story.

HE says that although he and his wife live in the same house they have lost all affection for each other. It would be illuminating to hear the wife's version.

Whatever may be his domestic relationship, this man is still married, and he should have sufficient decency and honour not to make love to another woman. And as he is now treating his wife so he may treat my correspondent.

This girl is, I gather, a little doubtful herself about continuing the association. If she is wise she will break it off.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

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London's MURDER Land

A typical Soho scene where, despite the strange and mixed reputation associated with its name, hard-working people of all nationalities toil . . .

NOW that Limehouse with its Chinese opium dens has given way to shopping thoroughfares and solid working-class respectability, and Mayfair's gilded mansions have changed to shops and offices and garages—Soho is the last remaining London district which is living up to its legend. And even a little beyond it. . . .

That square half-mile or so of narrow streets and alleys in the heart of the West End—its sky lit at night by the red neon-sign glare of London's Theatreland—has always had a strange and mixed reputation.

To tens of thousands of Londoners and to provincial people "up in Town," its little foreign restaurants are a pleasant and romantic change from the staider virtues of British cooking; its streets with their polyglot inhabitants, its shops stocked with Continental foods, wines, books and newspapers, like taking a trip abroad

To suburban housewives and thousands of shopgirls and typists, Berwick Market in its centre is a bright and jolly shopping magnet, a place where you can buy anything from a spray of orchids or a pound of fresh salmon to a pair of silk stockings or a fur coat, cheaper and as good as anywhere else—if you don't mind buying them off the street, so to speak.

AND to scores of human tigers, to men without a country, to men without a name and whose work has no name, Soho is known as the best place in the world to hide in.

To the men who pore over crime statistics at Scotland Yard, Soho is the place which for its area has a worse record for blood and violence and for the darker forms of crime than any other in Great Britain. . . .

That is Soho . . . mixed. Decent, hard-working, clean-living foreigners, as good citizens as any Briton, living cheek by jowl with the scum of Continental gutters. And now the mixture is getting a bit too strong for anybody's taste.

The "Yard" thinks so. And that is why it has launched the most concentrated drive that it has ever done against any single area in London. Soho, these nights and days, is "alive" with plain-clothes men.

Specially trained officers have been brought in from all parts of London to work under Superintendent Hambrook, one of the Yard's "Big Five." And they are reinforced by the officers working under Chief Inspectors Sharpe and Donaldson, who are investigating the four murders—of Max Kassel, the "white slaver," and three women—which have taken place in the last five months.

Nearly ten years ago, and after a wholesale batch of deportations, the "Yard" thought that it had "cleaned up" Soho. But now it knows that this district has slipped back to where it was before—or worse.

This is the position they now find. Within the half-mile radius of Soho something like 300 clubs and "bottle-parties" have sprung up. Most of them are mere drinking dens, there because the law permits anybody to open a drinking club for a 5s. licence fee, and battening on citizen "mugs" who want to see night life and get a drink out of usual licensed hours.

In the train of these clubs have arisen vice rackets of every description, from the trade in women to the purveying of "hocussed" liquor. It is a situation very like that in America in Prohibition times.

The parallel holds good everywhere; The "speak-easies" of New York and Chicago bred the gangster. And night life of Soho is breeding gangsters and their rule. The same men are behind it—Latin and Central European nondescripts, men without social conscience, moral imbeciles beside whom the average inhabitant of Dartmoor is a paragon of decency.

That is why the police are perturbed and why all the "Yard's" resources are being thrown into Soho.

You do not read everything in the papers. For instance, at the moment fifteen women who frequent the area are under "police protection." They are believed to know too much about the individuals behind the vice rackets, about persons shadowily behind a recent murder.

They have been terrorised and, in deadly fear of attack, have gone to the police. Some have given up their former mode of life, others have given up their friends and the cafés they used to visit.

A few weeks ago a stock of liquor kept by a man who supplied it to "bottle-party" clubs was stolen and carried off in vans. The individual concerned made no complaint to the police.

That kind of thing happened constantly in Chicago a few years ago. "Hi-jacking" they called it—one gang preying on another.

One night recently a man was found unconscious and badly injured lying in an alley off a Soho street. He was an employee and frequenter of certain clubs and a "friend" of some people who were known to the police. He was rushed to hospital, where the doctors had to fight hard for his life.

Detectives sat by his bedside, but throughout his illness and his convalescence he steadfastly refused to say a word about who had attacked him.

For weeks after the murder of "Red" Kessel the police were up against a blank wall with the witnesses. And now that a man named Roger Vernon is on trial for that murder in France, they are experiencing the greatest difficulty in getting the available witnesses to go to Paris and give evidence. Those people are frightened.

In the course of their enquiries following the murder of Kessel and the three women the police have uncovered an appalling jungle of underworld linkages.

THERE is one foreigner who, working through agents in London, some of whom live in Soho, has recently come under the notice of the police as the result of enquiries made here about ill-famed establishments he controls from his home in France. He rarely comes to this country, but is an associate of white slavers with notorious international reputations.

A few weeks ago the police sought to interview a certain beautiful Frenchwoman who is also engaged in this kind of property business. Their enquiry happened to be made at the time of one of the Soho murders although it had nothing to do with that case.

When they got to the woman's address they found that she had disappeared suddenly a few days before. She had left no word with her servants, had not packed up her belongings and had left a considerable property business still going on.

The police, from what they knew of the people she *might* have associated with, had instant grave fears. She was eventually discovered living in a small French town. She has settled up her business from there and refuses to come back to London.

The enquiries made by the Yard men in the Soho clubs following these recent murders have uncovered other grave matters. A large proportion of the proprietors of these places, and if not the proprietors then the managers, have been found to be men with bad criminal records. Another large proportion of clubs they found are paying for "protection."

THEY have traced some of the gangs and their personnel. This, they discovered, includes members of those dangerous race gangs which were broken up by the police some years ago. Some of the worst, the foreign elements, in these gangs have got together again, this time to prey on night club proprietors instead of bookmakers.

The inhabitants of the Soho jungle are now under constant observation by the companies of picked police officers who have been drafted into the area. The Yard has discovered too much in the past few weeks to dare to take any chances. This time it intends to "clean-up" Soho, once and for all.

It makes floors look really beautiful

Millions of women keep their floors bright and clean with 'Mansion,' the polish which, with wonderful ease, imparts such a lasting, mirror-like brilliance. They prefer it also because it means less frequent polishing, day after day its brightness can be renewed with merely a dust over. And 'Mansion' removes dirt and ensures a fresh, clean, germ-free surface. Think of the trouble you save by using

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Tins 3d., 6d. and larger sizes.

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Changeable weather is dangerous for delicate babies—sometimes it's warm, then it's chilly; milk often differs. These factors combine to make the time an anxious one for mothers, especially young mothers of first babies.

A common-sense handbook of over 100 pages, which deals with all problems of food, clothes and welfare of a young baby, is published by Nestle's, and every mother ought to have a copy because of the valuable information contained in it. Just send a postcard with your name and address clearly written on it, to—Nursery Expert (Dept. J.B.), NESTLE'S, 6 and 8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3, and a free copy will be posted to you. Write Now! [Advt.]

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Enjoy the freedom of the line within any one of nine areas★ for a whole week for only 10/- and one at 15/- with an L M S Holiday Contract Ticket.

You can roam by rail over miles of glorious country and see new places each day. You are free to board any train at any time any day and make as many trips as you wish.

So first thing when you get away this year, ask at your resort station for an L M S Holiday Contract Ticket —and have a real holiday.

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L M S

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless a pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3d. and 3/-

"BOTTLE OR TIN—IT'S ALL THE SAME TO ME"

says *OLD HETHERS*

"because the bottled Lemon Barley Water's made exactly as I make it—from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley. They've only put it up in bottles to please the many folk nowadays who simply can't be bothered to take the little trouble it is to make it for themselves. Of course, I shall go on making it as I've always made it. Mind you, I think the bottle's a grand idea for a picnic or the holidays—and a surprising number of people seem to agree with me! . ."

• • •

Robinson's 'Patent' Barley is sold in 7½d. and 1/3d. tins by grocers and chemists. Robinson's Lemon Barley Water is sold in bottles at 1/9d. each (a bottle makes about 21 glasses).

Keen, Robinson & Co. Ltd., Carrow Works, Norwich.

BARLEY WATER

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ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY

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The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 22.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Moulded Coach-built body, softly upholstered, loose seats, celluloid handle, leather cloth hood and apron, ball-bearing wheels, ribbed cushion tyres, foot brake, coil springs, mudguards. Price, Carriage Paid 5/- or 5/- monthly. Catalogue of Prams, Folding Cars, Free. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Body 20in. long

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A Martyr to Indigestion

FOR 14 YEARS

RELEASED AT LAST

14 years of suffering ended in a day. That's the wonderful story of the writer of the following letter. Read what he thinks of the powers of Digestif Rennie Pastilles, the astonishing new remedy, which has finally conquered indigestion.

'As a manufacturing chemist, I congratulate you on the excellent formula of Digestif Rennie. I have been a martyr to Indigestion and Dyspepsia for the last 14 years—and Digestif Rennie is the only specific that has afforded me the slightest relief. Moreover, the continuity of its efficacy surpasses belief.'
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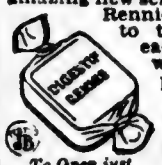
Digestif Rennie Pastilles go to the root cause of indigestion in a way that has never been done before. They contain antacids which neutralise excess acid—the cause of nearly all digestive disorders. When excess acid has been neutralised indigestion *simply cannot start*. And in the marvellous Digestif Rennie Formula there are also absorbents to free you of stomach gas, and ferments which *actively help to digest food*. End your indigestion once and for all with this amazing new scientific discovery. Digestif Rennie Pastilles are pleasant to take and they're handy; each one is individually wrapped in waxed paper.



To Open just pull Twist

Digestive Rennie (Brand) Pastilles, the new prescription for indigestion, are obtainable from your own Chemist. Trial Size 6d. Family Size 1/9.

YOU SUCK IT LIKE A SWEET

You're lucky

but Byron ... who lifted up the hearts of men and nations, couldn't make his own hair stick down. The blame is not his but ours. If we had been earlier in the field with Field's Solid Brilliantine, a man of such good taste could hardly have failed to avail himself of it. However, we weren't too late for you and all the other presentable men of to-day. Field's Lavender Solid Brilliantine gives you hair-smartness and hair-health. Regular use relieves dry-scalp and dandruff—the causes of baldness. A full-size tin costs only 3d. You can pay four times as much—but why should you?

FIELD'S Solid BRILLIANTINE

IN THE FAMOUS Lavender SERIES

Try Field's Lavender Shaving Stick or Shaving Cream. Also Toilet Soap, Liquid Brilliantine, Hair Cream, Dental Cream, Bath Cubes, Talcum Powder. Obtainable everywhere.

3D PER PACKET

A Chinese Puzzle Harder Than it Looks . .

These English hens on a Chinese poultry farm lay eggs that are often unfit to eat by the time they reach us, yet we in this country buy a million-and-a-half pounds' worth every year!

PERIL *in the* Frozen Egg

by the Editor of the "Feathered World"

CHINESE eggs are believed to have been the cause of poisoning forty children at Belfast last week.

This follows closely on the news that eighty-five cases of Chinese eggs have been seized by the Medical Officer of Health for Southwark and condemned as unfit for human food—they were ultimately re-exported for use in a manufacturing process.

Most of the eggs imported from China are not "eggs" in the ordinary sense at all. That is, you cannot boil or poach or fry them. They do not arrive "in shell," but in tins or casks in frozen or liquid form.

Moreover, they are by no means all used, or intended to be used, for human consumption. Like the eggs mentioned above, large quantities are used in manufacturing processes, especially in the process of softening alum-tanned leather in the glove-making industry. Large quantities are also used, of course, by confectioners for cake-making.

It is true that they are subject to inspection and condemned if found bad. But if these eggs—the lowest quality of all—are admitted for human food, it is highly important that *every consignment* should be at least as thoroughly examined as everybody's luggage is examined on coming from abroad.

But even the most rigid examination is not much good against Chinese eggs. Those that come "frozen" have to be unfrozen before they can be used, and after unfreezing deterioration and decomposition are very rapid. The stuff must be used *at once*.

Sometimes this does not happen, and the egg goes bad and all sorts of foul bacteria are enabled to develop. But the confectioner who has bought it may pop it into the cakes just the same if there is no one there to stop him.

Ought we to allow the importation of these eggs at all? The answer is not so easy as it looks.

In 1935 £1,672,263 worth of Chinese eggs (nearly 1,000 millions) was imported in liquid or frozen form, at about half the price of English eggs, and £470,706 worth (or nearly 150 millions) was imported "in shell" at a still higher price.

Could not these be kept out with advantage to the home producer?

Partly true

It is argued, on the one hand, that Chinese eggs are produced under most filthy conditions, that they have been analysed and proved to contain all sorts of filth and disease germs. The Chinese hens are said to feed on filth in the gutters and dung heaps, and, to judge from some reports, they never get anything else to eat.

On the other hand, there are experts who say that the egg is not affected by what the hen eats—Mr. Geoffrey Shakespeare, M.P., said so officially in the House of Commons in replying for the Government when this question was raised.

This is partly true and partly not true. Whatever "food" the hen eats is broken up into its various chemical constituents before being remade into an egg, and an egg always contains the same materials whether it is from a Chinese hen or an English hen, just as cabbages are all the same whether grown with farmyard manure or artificial fertilisers.

On the other hand, certain substances make slight changes in the egg. If a duck eats acorns its egg yolks go dark, though they are not much worse for that.

In addition to these facts, English hens are allowed to feed on dung heaps in farmyards. If we thought too much about what goes to make a lot of our food, such as the swill pigs eat to make pork, the sewage put on market gardens, and so on, we should never eat anything.

Besides this, responsible men who have lived in China many years have recently declared that dung is so scarce and so much needed to manure the fields in China that nobody would think of letting a hen eat it. Moreover, the hens are too profitable to risk by not feeding them properly.

We are also assured that large quantities of Chinese eggs are produced on up-to-date poultry farms as good as our own, under European management, and that the factories where the eggs are canned for export are highly modern and hygienic. Some of the hens are typical English White Leghorns.

Europeans in China undoubtedly eat large quantities of Chinese eggs—more than they would at home, because eggs are so cheap there. Yet the conditions under which the eggs are produced must be obvious to them.

Finally, the Chinese egg, like all other imported food, is subject to inspection and condemned if unfit for food. In fact, it is a serious offence to offer any unfit food for sale.

In short, the case against the Chinese egg is not on the score of wholesomeness. But there *is* a case against it, and a strong one, too.

The Great Britain Egg and Poultry Reorganisation Commission recently recommended an increased duty on imported eggs in shell, but not on liquid or frozen eggs, over 95 per cent. of which come from China.

The Commission, which was impartial and had all the facts before it, reported that at present the market for home-produced eggs is not appreciably affected by imports of Chinese eggs "not in shell."

If we take measures against Chinese eggs, whose export is of considerable importance to China, China may retaliate against some of our manufactures, and our shipping which carries these eggs would also suffer.

Frozen out

But the Commission admits that if the present duty of ¼d. per lb. were at least trebled—as it would have to be to bring it up to the level of the new duty recommended for eggs in shell—*the trade would not be seriously affected*. The price would still be well below that of the cheapest grades of other eggs.

Then why not impose this duty and set the money aside to help the home producer to produce liquid eggs or "smalls" to take the place of the Chinese egg?

The production of nearly £2,000,000 worth of eggs to replace Chinese imports would employ hundreds of British poultrymen and those who are subsidiary to the industry, such as food and appliance firms and marketing employees.

Furthermore, a higher duty on Chinese eggs would assist the Australian producer to compete—at present, although he has tried to get into the frozen egg market, he has been frozen out. He cannot compete in price with the Chinese. If we cannot replace the Chinese egg ourselves, we might at least help our Empire producers to do so.

Strict inspection

One point which adds to the problem, however, is the experts' opinion that if the liquid egg goes higher in price the users will find a substitute and cease to use eggs for their purposes altogether. Then, when our poultry keepers have got into a position to replace Chinese eggs with British, that market will no longer exist.

That is why the Chinese Egg Puzzle is so difficult.

On the whole, sound opinion favours increasing the duty on Chinese eggs *gradually*, to give the Colonial producer a chance and encourage the home producer—easing up if there is any serious fall in the imports.

But if we import Chinese eggs at all, it is absolutely imperative that the inspection should be the strictest and most thorough possible.

This, unfortunately, is not keeping out the Chinese egg, which we want to do. But it is paving the way to a prohibitive duty when we are ready to jump in.

2D. Stops PAIN

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ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 powders 1/3d. Single Powders 2d. each. A Beecham Product.

They said the Band Lacked Sparkle
—but I knew it was me...
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE BAND LATELY CHARLES? LORENZO'S USED TO BE THE BEST IN LONDON — NO LIFE IN IT NOWADAYS
WHAT THE MANAGER SAID
THE BAND ISN'T WHAT IT WAS, LORENZO. PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING TO NOTICE IT, YOU KNOW!
IT'S NOT THE BAND FREDDIE — I GUESS IT'S ME. SEEM TO BE LOSING THE OLD TOUCH
SORRY TO HEAR THAT OLD BOY WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
I EXPECT I'M JUST TOO TIRED — CAN'T PUT ANY PEP INTO THINGS — JUST LOOK AT THIS
ENGAGEMENTS
MONDAY
Rehearsals 10 a.m.
Recording 12–2.30
Radio 3.30–4
Tea Dance 5–6.30
Palladium 8.30–9
Grand Palace 9.30–12
LOOKS PRETTY TOUGH, LORENZO, BUT YOU'VE DONE IT BEFORE. P'RAPS YOU'RE RUN-DOWN OLD BOY. WHY NOT SLIP ALONG AND SEE MY DOCTOR
YOU GET 8 HOURS SLEEP — OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH. IT'S THE OLD STORY OF NIGHT-STARVATION I EXPECT. REMEMBER THIS — EVEN WHEN YOU SLEEP YOU USE UP ENERGY. THIS MUST BE REPLACED, ESPECIALLY FOR ANYONE WITH AN EXACTING JOB LIKE YOURS — OTHERWISE NO WONDER YOU WAKE TIRED. SEE WHAT HORLICK'S WILL DO
SOME TIME LATER
BOY WHAT A DAY! QUITE GETTING TO LOOK FORWARD TO MY HORLICK'S BEFORE TURNING IN —
DANCE?
RATHER. JUST COULDN'T SIT STILL WITH A BAND LIKE THIS. WHAT RHYTHM!

Are YOU losing rhythm?

ARE you not quite as good as you used to be at your job? Are you letting things slip when you know that a little extra effort would make all the difference? Your trouble is probably "Night-Starvation." Even in sleep extra energy is being used up by heart and lungs. This energy must be replaced — or you continue to wake up tired and your work suffers.

It's really surprising how Horlick's taken regularly at bedtime will build up your reserves of energy and put you back on top of the job. Horlick's is delicious and economical. The milk is already in it — just add water. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

This means you sleep soundly, wake refreshed, and have extra energy all day

RHEUMATISM
GET RID OF IT.

"After the second day I began to feel the benefit, stiffness going and my general feeling greatly improved: I feel no stiffness or any sign of rheumatism since taking the Urace brand tablets." Miss ——, Chelsea. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33M, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

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In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for *inward use*. Ask your chemist for Zam-Buk Suppositories. 1/3 a box. Left in position at night, they cure while you sleep.

CURES PILES

"NOW...
I'M SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER"
Like so many of her friends, she has found Palmolive by far the best soap for her face. So now she has taken it as her bath soap, and Palmolive's generous supply of pure olive oil—which beautifies all the while it's doing its work of cleansing—has made her neck, arms and shoulders as soft and smooth as her lovely complexion.
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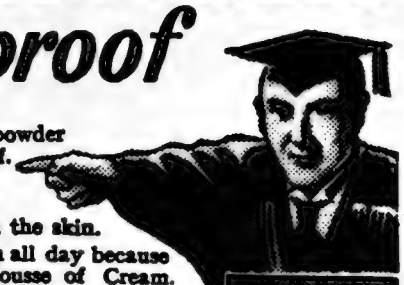
Women, since the days of Cleopatra, have known olive and palm oils as nature's own beauty treatment: and these, skilfully blended with other beautifying elements, are the main ingredients of Palmolive Soap. Use Palmolive in your bath always and give yourself *all over* the benefit of the soap that creates Schoolgirl Complexions.
3d per tablet

NEW 4 IN ONE POWDER
Waterproof



1 The best outdoor face powder because it's waterproof.
2 The perfect indoor powder because it never "cakes" or blotches on the skin.
3 A powder that stays on all day because it is blended with Mousse of Cream.
4 The powder that does away with shiny noses and faces and keeps the skin fresh and young because of the Mousse of Cream which it contains.

WATERPROOF — Put this powder on your finger. Then put your finger in a glass of water. Take it out and the powder is still there and your finger is dry. This powder stays on in spite of perspiration while dancing, rainy weather or bathing in the sea. It contains no tiny hard, starchy particles to enter the skin pores, swell therein and cause enlarged pores, blackheads and other complexion blemishes. 5,000,000 pretty girls and beautiful grandmothers use this powder every morning. Ask for Poudre Tokalon blended with mousse of cream. Does away with enlarged pores. 6d. and 1/-. Successful results are guaranteed by the manufacturers in every case or your money will be refunded.

ACID STOMACH

Where's that sunny smile, that merry whistle, that schoolboy appetite, this morning? Why is he so glum and won't touch his breakfast?

The answer is ACID STOMACH!

Excess acid sours the stomach and upsets the system . . . naturally you feel out-of-sorts and the thought of food is nauseating. Take a little 'Milk of Magnesia,' or two 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, and that sick, sour feeling disappears almost instantly. For 'Milk of Magnesia' promptly neutralizes the excess acid responsible for the upset. The stomach is soothed and strengthened, appetite returns and digestion proceeds in comfort.

Flatulence, heartburn, nausea, indigestion and all stomach troubles due to excess acidity vanish in a marvellous manner on taking 'Milk of Magnesia.' It is the antacid most acceptable to the stomach and the one most extensively prescribed by doctors for patients of all ages. Keep it in readiness as a quick, safe and pleasant corrective for an acid stomach.

Of all chemists, 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity)
Also 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' *brand* TABLETS *1/- per box, and in bottles 2/- and 3/6 for family use.*

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

No More GREY HAIR

Grey hair makes you look older than you are. Restore the natural colour of youth by using Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, does not soil the linen.—SAFE AND SURE. Suitable for men or women. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 & 6/- per bottle; or post free from J. R. Valentine, 48a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

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GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

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5/2 NOW

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

STRICTLY ANONYMOUS . .

IN A Blackmailer's TOILS

"Your future is your own," I had been told. But my past was ruthlessly brought before me to torture me for life

"JUST grit your teeth—hold up your head—cut out the last four years—forget that you were ever in here—and you will have gone half-way towards winning your fight for a new life."

As I write these words—spoken to me many years ago—I can still see the kindly old prison chaplain, his face lined with care, his eyes alight with faith.

As the long hours of that last night of my three years' sentence dragged slowly through I determined that I would accept the old chaplain's farewell words as my creed.

But I was reckoning without the other fellow. I had sinned against society and had paid the penalty. Society, as a whole, was satisfied and my former friends had already forgotten my existence.

They did not enter into my future scheme—then. I was to realise that they did count—perhaps more than anything else—in the years of secret suffering and misery that were to follow.

So, with my thoughts fixed only on my new creed, I passed out of those forbidding gates. It was a beautiful August morning that welcomed me into my new life. There was no one else to welcome me—I had chosen it to be so, purposely keeping the date of my discharge secret, so that I could cut out completely all past associations. My plans were cut and dried. I had been fortunate enough to have been offered a job—by a kindly prison visitor—God bless him—in a distant town, where, as I thought, I would be completely unknown. So I set forth, full of hope.

My new employer was one of those rare men who took everyone at their face value. He told me that he was giving me a chance because he believed that I really wanted one, and, what was more important to him, because he thought that I was capable of handling the job he was offering me. My past would be known only to him, and I would be treated according to my worth.

SO it turned out to be. He was strict, but just. Exacting full measure from every employee—saying little—but noting much. At the end of the first year he increased my salary; at the end of the third year it was nearly doubled.

I had been living a quiet, retired life, shunning company, but eventually I came out of my shell a bit and joined the local Amateur Dramatic Society.

There I met a girl with whom I became friendly. Friendship ripened into something stronger and we became engaged.

It was then, in the quiet of my diggings at nights, that the Past poked up its grisly head and whispered to me, "Are you going to tell her about ME?"

Why should I? I argued. Surely I have atoned for my one slip. Besides, it happened years before I knew her. Why worry her with my old history?

"Ah! but suppose someone tells her after you are married," came the answering thought. "You know how straight she is—she would never tolerate deceit—not even in you. You will be deceiving her if you marry her without telling the truth about yourself."

We married and were very happy. Two children came to bless us. I was making steady progress at my place of business. Since the day I started with him my employer had never once hinted at, much less spoken of, my past. Life had become for me almost perfect.

While out walking with my family one evening, the other fellow—that individual member of an outraged society with whom I had not reckoned—appeared on the scene. I saw the light of recognition in his eyes as he passed us.

There was little sleep for me that night, and for many nights after, for when I arrived at business next day I found, to my dismay, that he had come to take up a post with my firm.

In my anxiety and worry I made what proved to be a great blunder.

In the light of after events, I can see now that I should have gone to my kindly employer and told him of what had happened. A quiet word from him to X, as I will call him, would have probably made all the difference to me in the years that have followed.

Instead, at the first opportunity I tackled X and asked him to keep "mum" about what had happened years before. I told him that our employer knew of it, but foolishly emphasised the fact that nobody else in the town—not even my wife—was aware of that closed chapter of my life. He assured me, quite earnestly, that my secret was safe with him.

My heart was a great deal lighter after that talk, and when next day he asked me if I could lend him a pound to tide him over till pay day I willingly did so.

Pay-day came, but no pound. He just passed me with a smile. In the middle of the following week he approached me again—for another pound. "I'll pay you back," he said. It gradually dawned on me that he *would* pay me back—with his silence.

Then began months of misery—my savings gradually dwindling away—money put by to pay for my children's education, vanishing, unknown to my wife, going to satisfy X's demands for a weekly loan and—silence.

At last, I took the coward's way out—and ran away from my tormentor. I applied for, and obtained, a job in another town, and, in spite of the indignant protests of my wife and friends, threw up a good job for an inferior one, uprooted my family from what had been once a happy home, and, like the Arab—stole silently away.

I SOON made good at my new job and my wife, although she had felt keenly leaving her home town, loyally backed me up. "I suppose one of these days you will tell me why you really left D——," was all she said.

Months went by, and I became my former happy self.

Just three years passed—and then X appeared on the scene again. He had come to that town quite by chance, he said. He did not want to settle there, so "could I lend him five pounds?" He had heard of a job going some miles away. Thinking that it would be cheap to get rid of him at that price, I foolishly gave it to him. But he did not move on.

For months he made my life a misery—until, in desperation, I moved on again. Twice more in the years that followed I had to do the same, and then I did what I should have done in the first place—sought the protection of the Law. I was free at last—and still preserved my secret.

Now has come a new danger to my hard-won peace of mind. My children—now grown up—are doing well in the world. My wife, having accepted without question what she termed my strange "moving fits," is happy in the thought that I have at last settled down.

She little dreams of the bombshell that is likely to fall on our little world soon. She little knows that our daughter's newfound happiness is the cause of secret fear and misery for me.

For our girl, having been on friendly terms with a young fellow at her office, is becoming engaged to him shortly. He is a steady, sensible sort of chap—the man I would have picked for her had the choice been mine.

"Your future is in your own hands" I had told myself many years ago. How can I face up to this new challenge to that? My girl has chosen her mate and *he happens to be the son of a man who was chief witness against me years ago.*

Soon there is to be a family meeting, when I shall have to face him again. What will he do? Will he take my hand or will he reveal my secret past to his son?—and by doing so perhaps blast my girl's life.

I have tried hard to bring myself to the point of telling them everything—but I just cannot. Soon I shall know the worst.

Until then I must just grit my teeth and hope and pray, for my girl's sake, that her lover's father will, like my first employer, decide to take me at face value—and forget.

If he does so, then my faith in that old chaplain's words and my years of striving to keep my secret safe will have been justified

It soothes and heals while you sleep

SINGLETON'S Eye Ointment,

the soothing and healing eye salve with over 300 years' reputation for all eye troubles, works steadily and thoroughly while you sleep. A touch of Singleton's applied before going to bed will definitely soothe away irritation and heal and strengthen the eyes. EYE STRAIN, COLD, STYE, ULCERS, WATERY AND INFLAMED EYES, etc., yield at once to this unfailing remedy.

SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT

From all chemists or direct at 2/9 per pot.

FREE BOOK.—To Stephen Green, Ltd., 216, Lambeth Road, London, S.E.1. Please send booklet "How to Preserve the Eyesight."

NAME .....

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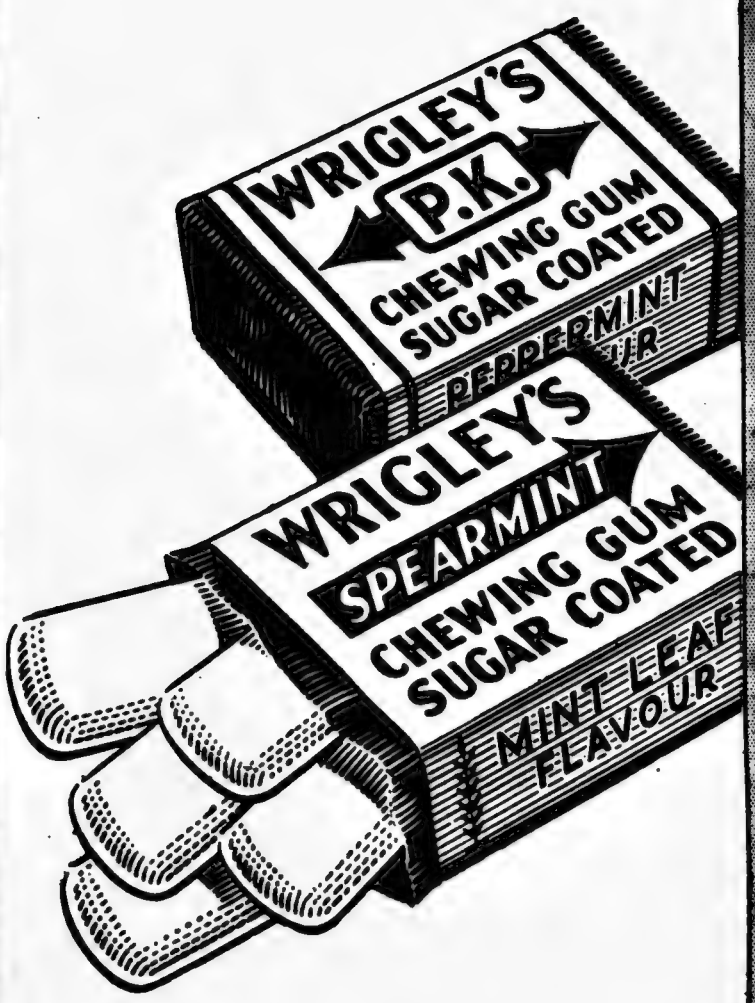
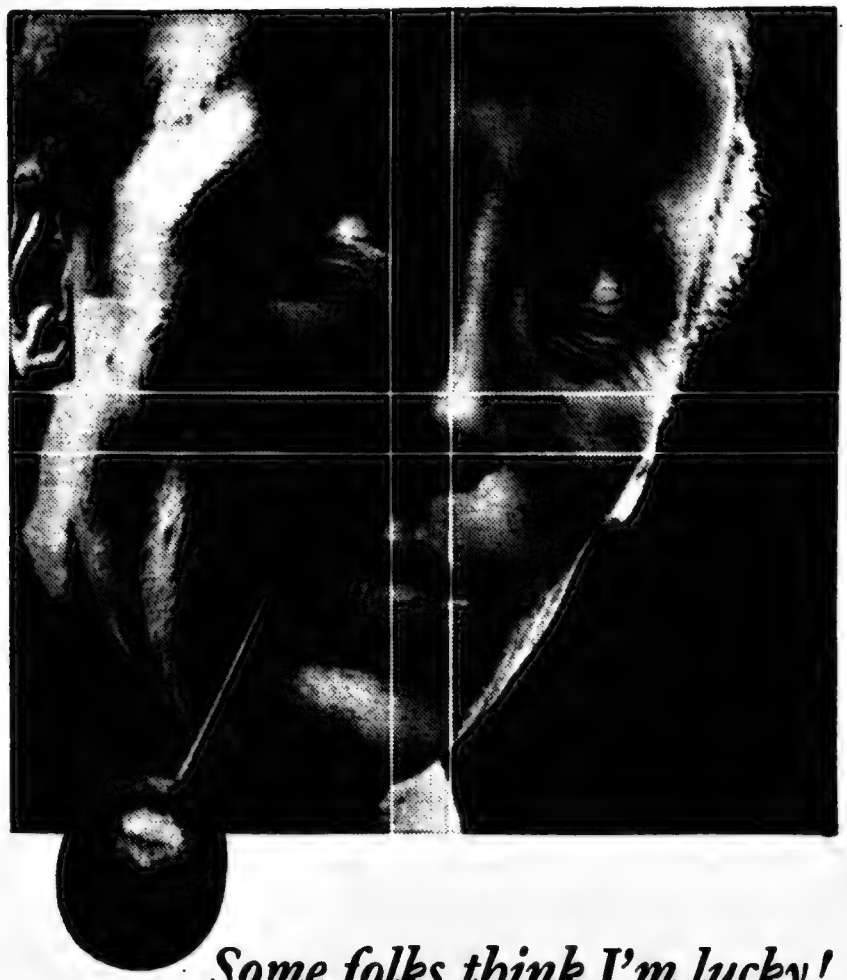
.....

AFTER EVERY MEAL



For *your* teeth

EQ4C



Some folks think I'm lucky!

.... because I can smoke all day long! I think I'm luckier to find a tobacco that lets me. When I heard FOUR SQUARE was mellowed and matured by time alone and had no artificial flavouring I said to myself "Here's a tobacco that won't dry the mouth or taint the tongue." Thank you, Little Man! What would an artist do without his pipe to see him through!

FOUR SQUARE

Tobaccos and Cigarettes

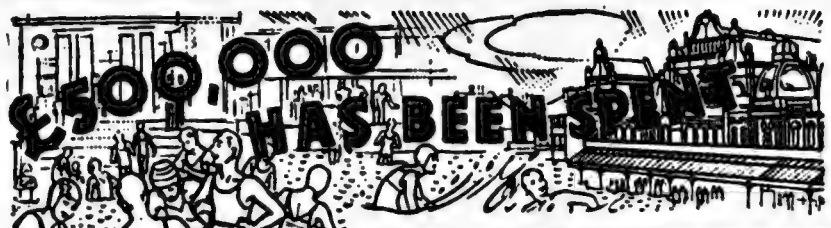
Empire Mixture (*Green Squares*) 10½d.
Curlies (*Purple Squares*) 10½d.
Cut Cake (*Yellow Squares*) 11d.
Sold in the new easy-to-open 1-oz. and 2-oz. vacuum tins. All blends are Medium Strength.

10½d to 1 3d

Ripe Brown (*Brown Squares*) 11d.
Original Mixture (*Blue Squares*) 1/2½d.
Matured Virginia (*Red Squares*) 1/3d.

ALSO FOUR SQUARE GUINEA VIRGINIA CIGARETTES, FLAT TINS, 25 FOR 1/6d.

SAMPLES OF ALL 6 BLENDS, 1/-. WRITE TO DEPT. JB2, GEORGE ROBBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND.
Small Number



PENNY-A-MILE BY LMS

Ask at any L M S Station, Office or Agency for full details of Monthly Return Tickets (3rd class 1d. a mile, 1st class 1½d. a mile). Speedy and comfortable services from all parts.
Write to-day for free Holiday Book to Advertising Manager, Dept. 18, Town Hall, Morecambe and Heysham.

HALF A MILLION POUNDS has been spent in recent years augmenting existing attractions, developing and building Morecambe and Heysham into Britain's brightest and best holiday resort... Come this year and enjoy all that has been provided for your happiness. Spacious new promenades... luxury open air bathing pool... new pier... sands ..: indoor entertainments and full round of sporting facilities. Just across the Bay is England's most glorious prospect—Lakeland's lovely mountains

MORECAMBE and HEYSHAM

HOW TO RELIEVE THE SPASMS OF ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER.

Keep a box of Dr. Blosser's Medical Cigarettes always handy. If you smoke one of these Cigarettes when an attack begins you will find you escape the worst spasms. If you wake up wheezing and struggling for breath, the warm, soothing, healing smoke of a Dr. Blosser's will clear the choked-up airways of your respiratory system and bring you almost instant relief. And not only will you find relief from pain and discomfort, you will find that each successive attack becomes less and less violent. Bringing relief in this way gives Nature a chance to strengthen the worn-out membranes, so that Asthma and Hay Fever can no longer get a foothold.

HOW TO PROVE IT FREE.

If you have asthma, hay fever, or any catarrhal trouble, colds, bronchitis, etc., get a packet at any chemist's to-day, or send this form and we will send you free a few of the actual Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for you to try without expense.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR THE NEW ENLARGED PACKAGE SELLING AT THE OLD PRICE.

FREE PACKET

Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 1H, A.Q.),
Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue,
London, E.C.4.

Please send by post your Trial Package containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes, that I may try them free of charge.

Name .....

Address .....

Town .....

(Print with pencil very, very plainly.)

Dr. BLOSSER'S CIGARETTES

FREE SEVEN DAY TUBE OF CORO-SHAVE

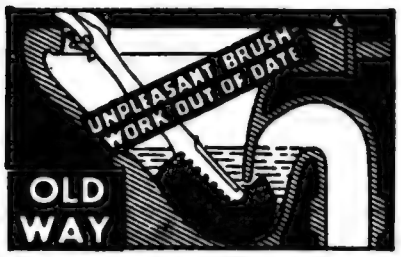
—THE BETTER BRUSHLESS SHAVE

Would you like a seven-day trial tube of Coro-Shave, the new and better brushless shave? No pain, no "pull." Skin as soft as velvet. Send a 1½d. stamp for postage and packing to Crown Perfumery Co. Ltd. (Dept. 113), 39 King's Rd., London, N.W.1.

Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1½d. stamp.

COS 4-36

How do you clean it?



Lavatory-pan scrubbing is unpleasant and unhealthy. Moreover, no brush can ever reach round that hidden bend in the pipe.

Just a sprinkle of Harpic keeps your lavatory-pan spotlessly white and sanitary — free from odours. It cleans right round the bend in the pipe. It's a powerful disinfectant, too. You don't need dangerous acids. Use Harpic, in NEW EASY-FLOW TIN — 6d., 1/-, 1/9.

JUST A SPRINKLE OF
HARPIC
THAT'S ALL IT NEEDS

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

OUT of the grimy tragedy of the Abyssinian conflict and its even more sordid aftermath, there has emerged one man who has done something to raise the British name from the mud into which it has been pushed by the efforts of our statesmen.

He is Sir Sidney Barton, the British Minister at Addis Ababa.

A few days ago the King sent him a message of thanks for the care and protection he had given to British nationals during the days and nights of terror which followed the flight of Haile Selassie from his capital.

And not only British subjects. The U.S. Ambassador called at the Foreign Office the other day to tender the thanks of *his* Government for the protection given by Sir Sidney Barton to the American Legation staffs. Presumably the French, Turkish and other Governments who had legations in Addis Ababa will do the same. For, at the end, over 3,000 people of all nationalities found sanctuary in the British Legation compound and were fed from the stores, rescued and protected under the cover of the guns of the Sikh troops which Barton's foresight had provided.

"He's done ten men's jobs and deserves some rest and peace."—Sir Sidney Barton

HERO of Addis Ababa

There was open sneering among certain diplomats when Barton at the outset of hostilities laid in huge supplies of food in the Legation grounds, sunk extra wells and installed a wireless transmission apparatus.

The satirical comment increased when it was known that he was negotiating with the Emperor for permission to bring in armed Indian troops. (A delicate business obtaining that permission from the proud Emperor, who, as a sovereign monarch, naturally guaranteed the safety of all foreigners with his *own* troops—and would consider that enough.)

The most charitable of these comments decried Barton's measures as overcautiousness, and more than one hinted that it was the feverish caution of a tired, sick man. Certainly, the British Minister was not in the best of health when the war began. And he *was* tired.

He had been five years without leave in Addis Ababa, which, with its 8,000 ft. altitude and its changing periods of scorching heat and months-long rains, is one of the most trying diplomatic posts in the world. His predecessor, Sir Sidney Waterlow, held it for only a few weeks before heart trouble set in and he had to come home.

* * *

Scores of other Europeans, including many of Haile Selassie's military advisers, have been able to stay in Addis Ababa only for short periods—and for the same reasons.

The journalists added their quota of scoffing at Barton's precautions. Some of the Americans, resentful alike at his "smooth" taciturnity, and at the quiet, armed watchfulness of the British Legation, told their papers that the Sikh guards were Barton's own vanity and that he was "cashing in" on the Abyssinian war, with British display.

But when, three weeks ago, the wild Ethiopian tribesmen burst into the City of Flowers from the dark hinterland and gave themselves over to killing and looting, *then* the hotels, kinemas and taxis did not seem such a comfortable reassurance of safety and civilisation.

Then, the scoffers, thousands of miles away from New York, Paris and Constantinople, remembered Barton and his iron ring of Sikh fighting men.

Then, when everything was foundering in murder and black anarchy, they forgot the British statesmen's hedging at Westminster and Geneva and remembered only that "bit of red rag" flying over the fortified Legation. And they were glad to come under its shelter.

Sir Sidney Barton has spent most of his life in the "working" branch of the Diplomatic Service—the Consular Service. When, in 1929, Sir Austen Chamberlain as Foreign Minister sent for him and appointed him Minister at Addis Ababa, it was promotion. He had his bags packed ready to return to China when the message came. He was fifty-three years of age.

A year ago he had his bags packed again, ready to come home on leave after "serving his stretch," when a telegram reached him from the Foreign Office, cancelling his leave. He was then a "tired, sick man," but he was asked to take upon his shoulders a more intensified burden.

He had to stay on the spot and see Britain through the greatest diplomatic crisis it has faced since the Great War.

How well he has done it the whole world now knows. In the words of Mr. Anthony Eden in the House of Commons early this month: . . . "the greatest credit was due to Sir Sidney Barton, whose conduct of affairs throughout had been beyond praise." It is the *least* which could be said.

Sir Austen Chamberlain chose well when he picked Barton for the post at Addis Ababa. It could not be handled except by a man inured to trouble and to hard work, and Barton has had plenty of both.

* * *

Who now remembers the Shanghai troubles of 1925-26, when British troops and warships went into action? Who remembers Barton?

Yet he was Consul-General at Shanghai in those fateful years, and it was he who organised the protection of the International Settlement.

It was he who arranged the disposition of the defence troops, and saved the lives of the thousands of Europeans who were threatened by the Chinese hordes.

And it was he who arranged the settlement with the Chinese Government, threading a sure way through all the tortuous Chinese diplomacy, reconciling the conflicting interests of Japanese and the "rebel" and Nationalist parties.

It was his brilliant negotiating ability which saved Shanghai from going up in flames, his firmness and foresight which brought a speedy termination to one of the worst of Far East crises—and earned him the doubtful reward of promotion to Addis Ababa. Who remembers that now?

Before then he was in trouble. On his very first job—when he was sent out as a young man to join the Chinese Consular Service—he arrived in the midst of the Boxer Rebellion. Five of his colleagues were killed at his side and he was mentioned in despatches and awarded a medal and clasp.

* * *

Thereafter, Barton usually found himself in the middle of minor wars and rebellions. A stormy past which scarcely seems to fit in with the middle-aged gentle mildness of his appearance and speech. And when it has not been trouble, it has been hard, anonymous work—like his long labours as Chinese Secretary at the Legation at Peking.

As much as any man he helped to maintain British good will and prestige in the East after the Boxer risings, when all the other Great Powers were fighting for "bigger cuts off the joint" of China.

Barton of Addis Ababa has never been a "headline merchant." *Who's Who* gives his whole career in less than a dozen lines; his personal dossier in newspaper offices occupies less space, even including the Abyssinian events, than any other prominent diplomat's. But the job he has held down in Addis Ababa during the past year would have more than taxed the ability of some of those better-known names which decorate our Embassies in the "plum" European posts.

His has been a threefold task at Addis Ababa, as difficult as anything in the annals of diplomatic practice.

First, he has had to guard every act and watch every word so that it would be in keeping with the changing policies and interests of Whitehall.

Second, he had to devise tactics and a policy in co-operation with the Ministers of the seven other countries who were also in Addis Ababa.

Third, as representing Great Britain, which had taken upon itself the direction of the European side of the Abyssinian question, Barton would have to assist, advise, and encourage the Ethiopian Government, all without appearing to do so, and without seeming to take sides.

* * *

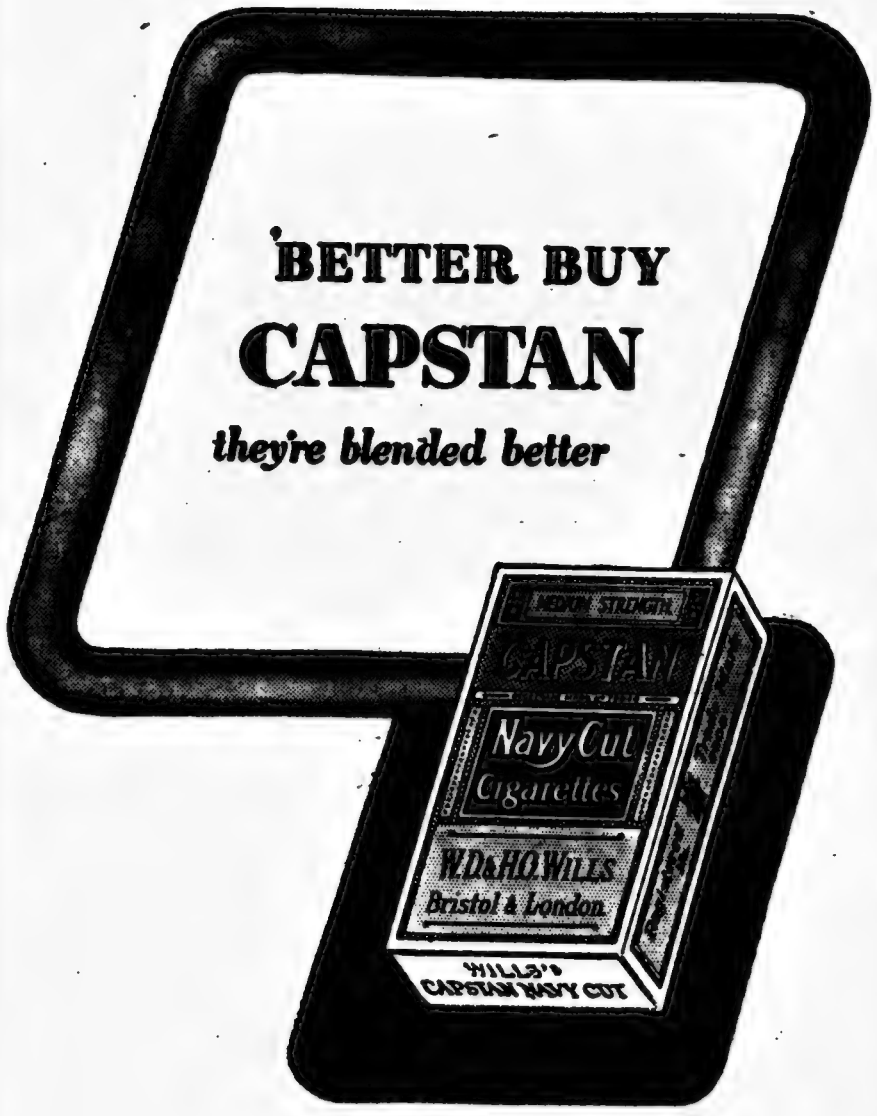
And now his job is over—he is merely a "distinguished guest" of Italy. The tragic country to which he was accredited has vanished into history. He is a diplomat without a post.

Perhaps now this tired, sick man, who during the last year has done ten men's jobs, may be able to take his much-belated and well-earned holiday. He deserves some rest and peace.

And some additional honour from his country—whose honour he has done so much to uphold.

Go about your work in
COOL, CRISP LINEN
PATTERN OF ENCHANTING
WRAP OVERALL — FREE !

A FAMOUS West-End Designer has created an enchanting wrap Overall, and a pattern of this delightful model is offered free to every reader of this paper through the generosity of the manufacturers of Robin Starch. All you have to do is to collect the lids from packets of Robin Starch and the free pattern comes in exchange for one Lid bearing the price from one 10d. packet or its equivalent from 5d., 2½d., 1½d. or 1d. packets. Sizes are 32", 34", 36", 38" and 40" (bust). When sending, be sure to ask for free pattern R.P.11, mention that you saw the offer in "John Bull," and post your Robin Starch Lids in sealed stamped envelope, addressed to Pattern Dept., Reckitt & Sons Ltd., Hull.



THEY'RE WILLS'S PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES 10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

FOR YOU TOO
CLEANER BRIGHTER TEETH
or double your money back

Colgate's is a double action tooth-paste. It completely removes the *seven kinds of stains* left on teeth by the things you eat, drink and smoke. First, Colgate's *emulsive* action loosens and washes away many of the stains, penetrating to the tiniest crevices.

Second, Colgate's *polishing* action gently and safely polishes away the more stubborn stains. Natural brilliance is quickly restored. Teeth sparkle again. Prove to yourself, at our risk, the difference these two cleansing actions can make in the lustre of your teeth.

Buy a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Use it twice a day. When it's all used up, if you don't admit that your teeth are cleaner, brighter than ever before, send the empty tube to Colgate's, Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1, and we will refund TWICE what you paid.

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
MADE IN ENGLAND

3610

Dr. Wernet's Powder For
FALSE TEETH
A Joy To All Users
Cannot Slip or Slide

Sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder and you won't have to think about your false teeth all day long. Joyous comfort is yours. Eat anything you want—it holds plates firmly in place—they positively cannot slip or slide. Forms protective cushion for sensitive gums. Leaves no coloured, gummy substance—keeps mouth fresh, breath pleasant. Prescribed by world's most noted dentists. The cost is small—the comfort great. 2/6d by Chemists everywhere.

GRAVES NO. 1 CLUB MODEL
BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 19, 21, 23in. Roadsters Hubs, quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain, Lazier-weave oil proof Handlebars, Dunlop Endrick Rims, Roadsters Pedals, Caliper Rear Brake, Brooks Spring Seat Saddle, "Hold-all" Bag, Reflector, and Accessories. Ladies' or Men's cash price £9.10.0 or 6/- monthly. Catalogues Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD
6/- NOW
Illustrated Price Lists sent free on request.

THIS WEEK-END IN THE COUNTRY No. 7

A BIRD THAT PLAYS SUBMARINE. The moorhen when suddenly alarmed will dive under water to escape danger. But as it can't breathe there, it carefully puts only its beak above the surface of the water until danger is over.

BOSSY BOVINES! In every herd each cow is bossed by another, to whom she is obliged to yield precedence, as in passing through a gate.

ABOUT A LEAF, A SHOE AND YOUR LOVER. Next time you go for a walk place a clover leaf in your right shoe because country folk say:

"A clover, a clover of two,
Put it into your right shoe;
The first man you meet
In the field, street or lane,
You'll love him or one of his name."

It's very simple and it works, they say.

A TIP FOR HIKERS

Did you know that the nourishment in one ½-lb. block of Rowntree's Motoring Chocolate will give you enough muscle-energy to hike 10 miles? You'll love the crisp almonds and the juicy raisins in this chocolate. Chocolate to keep spirits up, juicy raisins to keep thirst down. Whatever your sport, whether it's hiking, cycling, riding, or motoring, take along a man's-size block of Rowntree's Motoring Chocolate — there's nothing like it to keep you going.

ROWNTREE'S MOTORING CHOCOLATE
THE OUTDOOR CHOCOLATE · 2 ozs. 2D.

SPRING-CLEAN THE BLOOD-STREAM

IMPURE BLOOD is the recognised cause of many spring ailments. After the strain of winter, kidney activity tends to slow down and impurities which should be filtered away collect in the blood and the whole system quickly becomes upset.

That is why pains in the back, urinary disorders, disturbed sleep, stiff joints or rheumatic pains distress you, and why you don't feel as active as you should.

You feel you need a change or a tonic, but no permanent good can result so long as nature's filtering organism is defective. Spring-clean the blood stream in the natural way by taking Doans Backache Kidney Pills. This special kidney medicine stimulates the kidneys, enabling them to get rid of the excess uric acid and other impurities which are poisoning the blood and making you look and feel unhealthy and depressed.

Fifty thousand grateful people have written thanking Doans Pills for their recovery. Why not let them help you?

1/3, 3/-, 5/-, Insist upon

THE BIG TWO

To agents Send direct

BETS by POST

ACCEPTED FROM

1/-; 2/-; 2/6; 5/-; 10/-; £1; £2; £5; £10

up to any amount in accordance with rules.

BACK YOUR FANCY NOW FOR THE

DERBY

AT LONG-ODDS PRICES

SEND FOR PRICE LIST

DAILY LETTER COMMISSIONS

bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race in accordance with rules will be on at Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

ALL POSTAGE PAID

NO LIMIT—WIN OR PLACE WINNINGS BY RETURN

Please send Long Odds Prices for the Derby. I am over 21 years of age.

Name .....
J.B. 23.5.36

Address .....

Town ..... County .....

DAVID COPE
ALFRED H MAURICE LTD
227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW C.2

"YOUR brother was no hero. He was shot for cowardice in 1916!" That was the secret, judiciously kept from the relatives by the War Office, which I blurted out in momentary anger.

It blackened the memory of my dead pal, whose nerve collapsed under the strain of war; it robbed me of the heart and hand of the girl I loved, and it deprived me for ever of a happy life and a quiet conscience.

I should never, never have told it.

SOMME, Widcombe.

Trust Betrayed

My childhood ambition was to go to sea, but my father apprenticed me to an indoor trade. In desperation, I planned to stowaway on a cargo steamer, but made the mistake of confiding my intentions to a chum, who betrayed my trust and told his parents, who in turn informed my father.

This I did not discover until I was later haled before the captain, who informed me that he had instructions to "work me hard."

So well did the skipper carry out my father's request that my romantic notions concerning sea life were quickly dispelled.

N. D., Bath.

Skeleton Revealed

To the outside world my father was dead; actually he was in prison, serving a term for embezzlement.

One night, happily discussing the future with the man I was to marry, we agreed never to have secrets from each other. Confident in his love for me I revealed my "skeleton."

From that moment his affection cooled. I am still unmarried, one more victim of "the sins of the fathers."

Miss R. J., Croydon.

Sacked!

The patient wondered how anybody could read the doctor's illegible scrawl, and as a youthful dispenser I was only too pleased to show off my superior knowledge and explain what the scribbled Latin and ciphers meant.

But later the patient told the doctor that he knew what was in the medicine, and that it was no good, anyway!

For giving away professional secrets my employer lost the doctor's patronage, and I lost my job.

PILL PUNCHER, Essex.

Incurable Stammer

Eight years old, I confided to a schoolmate that I was afraid of spiders. One day, during lessons, I opened my desk and saw what seemed to me to be dozens of them scuttling about. I dropped the lid with a shriek and fainted away.

I have an incurable stammer to remind me of the secret childhood fear I should never have disclosed.

L. G., Brighton.

Still Waiting

By dint of much scraping and saving I had managed to save about a hundred pounds. Unfortunately, I boasted of this achievement one day when some relations were visiting the house.

I have regretted it ever since, for my nest-egg is no more. Soon I began to receive piteous tales of distress from several of these relations, and, unable to withstand the pressure they exerted, I gave way after receiving solemn promises of repayment.

I am still waiting to be repaid.

BITTEN, York.

SECRET I *shouldn't have* TOLD

Life a Misery

Five years ago my friend confided to me that she loved a brother of mine who was a waster. After one of his orgies I remonstrated with him and, thinking to make him ashamed, I told him that he wasn't worthy of a decent girl, who was breaking her heart for him. An explanation was demanded, and the secret was out.

They married after a surprise reformation, but within a few months my brother returned to his dissipations and the wife's life became a misery. Had I kept her secret her life might be happier to-day.

Miss D. W., Bristol.

Father Bereaved

A workmate, whose wife had been childless for years, confided to me that she was shortly to have a baby, but asked me to keep silent on the matter.

One morning he was absent from his bench, and, being under the impression that the happy event had occurred, I mentioned this fact to those who remarked on his absence.

On his arrival next day he was greeted chaffingly with "So you've a son and heir now?" and similar questions. When he answered that his son had died within an hour of birth I wished I had never spoken.

JOINER, Liverpool.

Tragedy Aboard

Yarning in the fo'c'sle on the subject of stowaways, I told some newly joined stokers of a ballast tank amidships where, I reckoned, a stowaway could hide in perfect safety.

Two days later one of the firemen, on being bribed by a would-be stowaway, hid him in the tank, and screwed the lid on, intending to unscrew it and feed the stowaway *en voyage*.

Instead, the fireman went ashore, got drunk, and missed his ship. The dead body of the stowaway was discovered three weeks after.

R. T. H., Wimborne.

Action Regretted

Employed at the office of a county surveyor I had access to the plans of a new arterial road.

Noticing that the proposed thoroughfare cut through property owned by a friend, I informed him of the project, with the result that he immediately sold several cottages on the site to their occupiers, all of whom were working-class folk.

When the scheme was carried out those houses were condemned, and, with little or no compensation forthcoming, several families lost their life savings. Realising that my friend could easily have afforded the loss I have ever since regretted my action.

NEMO, Staffs.

Ears Burning

I was out of work, and when given an opportunity of an interview with the head of a concern in close rivalry to my late employers, I seized the chance eagerly.

He listened carefully to all I had to say concerning my qualifications, and I really felt that at last I should get a position.

Then I made a mistake. Not content with discussing myself, I discussed freely my late employer. I began to give details of secret business schemes he intended adopting. Two minutes later I was shown out—with my ears burning.

OYSTER Now, Lozells.

Explosives Raided

When a schoolboy brought his father's lunch to the quarry where I was foreman I foolishly took him into a secret storage cavern and showed him some of the high explosives used for blasting, afterwards impressing upon him the fact that he must tell no one what he had seen.

With boyish pride he boasted of the occurrence to class mates, with the tragic result that some of the more daring lads raided the cave, and were involved in an explosion which maimed several of them for life.

E., Wilts.

Meagre Allowance

Three months after the death of my uncle, a man of noticeably eccentric habits, I discovered in a concealed drawer of a desk which formerly belonged to him, a will revoking all previous bequests and making over practically his whole estate to a club which he had founded in later life.

Reluctantly I passed the document on to his executors.

Now, seeing his widow and family deprived of their rightful inheritance and existing on a meagre allowance, I am convinced that I should never have revealed my secret.

DAIGO, Glos.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday May 26.

My Bitter-sweet Revenge

(*See page 30*)

Race with "Silver Ring"

Pay Up, Please!

MEN who treat racing solely as a business will leave the Derby severely alone, for, this year in particular, the classic is very open.

The situation has been complicated by hard ground and, as a result, some of the fancied colts we hoped to see have been kept in their stables.

Rhodes Scholar is one who missed Newmarket owing to the firm state of the going.

The "cotton-wool" policy is probably essential with animals worth a small fortune, but a colt who may be jarred at Newmarket is just as likely to suffer the same fate at Epsom.

I am passing over Rhodes Scholar in favour of

PAY UP.

There are no "ifs" and "buts" about the son of Fairway—Book Debt, and no three-year-old has a better record.

I suggest Noble King as the runner-up.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, May 21, to Wednesday, May 27:

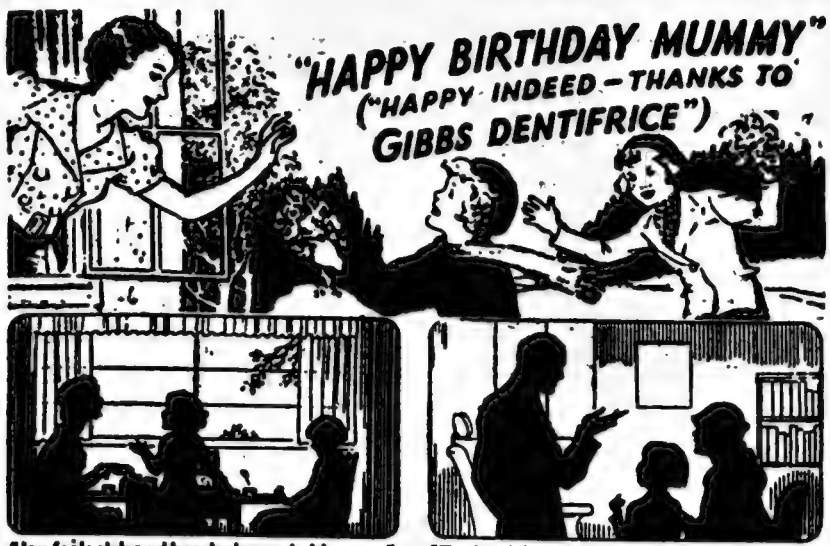
B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: CBP95R94X would read HIDALGO. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. K95E2U would read SAMMY.

FURNISHING OUT OF INCOME.

In last week's issue of JOHN BULL a statement appeared in an advertisement to the effect that cost of the FREE Insurances and FREE Fire Policies provided by many large and reputable Furnishing Houses, to purchasers of Furniture on the "Out-of-Income" System, added to the cost of the articles purchased.

This statement is not correct; in fact, these FREE Insurances and FREE Fire Policies, while protecting the purchaser, actually reduce the liabilities of the Furnishing House, because where such insurance against Fire and Misfortune has been effected, it is not so necessary to place large sums to reserve in case these contingencies arise.



"Jan feels sick and headachy again Mummy," announced Pen. "She *is* run down," thought Mummy, "I'll take her to the Dentist tomorrow. Mrs. Grey thinks it may be her teeth."

"That's it!" said the Dentist. "Fermenting food particles, decay germs, make horrid poisons in the mouth. All night you absorb them. They make you ill."

"Let her use Gibbs Dentifrice," he went on. "And be sure you clean BACKS as well as fronts, young lady, NIGHTS as well as mornings." Jan carries out her promise faithfully.

Gibbs keeps her teeth clean and healthy. Now she is lively and jolly and it was SHE who thought of getting up to pick flowers before breakfast for Mummy's birthday.

GIBBS DENTIFRICE penetrates every nook and cranny of the teeth and mouth and under the gum edges; neutralising acids, sweeping away poisons, killing germs. Teeth are polished to the lovely whiteness of healthy, unscratched enamel; gums kept firm and rosy; the mouth made delightfully fresh. Safe for children, sure for grown-ups, Gibbs Dentifrice is the ideal family dentifrice . . . change to Gibbs to-day

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES—defend them with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

NOW IN TWO FORMS! SOLID CAKES in Tins, 7½d. 1/-, 1/6. Refills 11d. TOOTH PASTE in Tubes, 6d & 1/-

GD117L

How to Treat Your SKIN ERUPTION

Why suffer humiliation from the scrutiny of passers-by? If your face is marred by a disfiguring eruption, an angry rash, or unsightly blotches, a course of Cuticura treatment will quickly clear your skin. Healing starts with the first application. Itching, irritation and smarting stop instantly. Pimples begin to dry up and rashes fade, your mirror shows a visible improvement each day until, in a few days, scarcely a trace of the disfigurement remains.

ECZEMA
PIMPLES
BOILS
ABSCESSES
LEG ULCERS

FOLLOW THESE DIRECTIONS:

Wash the affected part night and morning with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry gently and apply Cuticura Brand Ointment. This daily treatment relieves itching and allays inflammation at once, and is an unfailing remedy. The soothing, healing, antiseptic Cuticura Brand Ointment penetrates to the depths of the eruption. It destroys the lurking germs and eradicates the poisons which keep the disease active, it heals the festering sores and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the skin which leads to complete recovery.

Cuticura
OINTMENT AND SOAP

Sold by all Chemists

CUTICURA TALCUM specially prepared with balsamic essential oils. Absorbs perspiration, soothes and cools hot inflamed skin, relieves prickly heat.

Oh! my CORN

No need to Suffer any longer
CORNS COME RIGHT OUT roof & all!

THE most agonising foot troubles can be quickly relieved and corns completely removed by a 'Reudel Salts' footbath. The two-fold action of 'Reudel' rarely fails. The active oxygen released by 'Reudel Salts' enters the pores and carries special corn-softening salts down to the root, which is soon loosened so that it comes right out. Thousands have proved this the quickest, surest way of ending corns.

REUDEL BATH **SALTS**
(pronounced ROO-DEL)
only in YELLOW packets

The 'business' end of a corn is the root. It is no good cutting the top.

'Reudel' oxygenated water enters the pores with special salts.

Painless extraction because roots are loosened by 'Reudel'.

Remember it's the Yellow pack gives corns the sack!
1/6 & 2/6
all chemists

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size 16½ x 10 x 9½ins.

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped 3-valve low-consumption Radio Outfit removes every obstacle that has been standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S.3. RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker, 2-volt new type Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid. **£4.17.6**
Easy Payments 5/- Monthly.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. E. O. of West Bromwich, writes:—I am more than satisfied with my Set —the best 3-valve Set I have ever heard, and the cheapest. My mother has taken such a fancy to it that she would be pleased if you would let her have a Set the same as my own.

Mr. H. S. of Leeds, writes:—"I am more than satisfied with your S.3 Battery Receiver. It is a glorious model, and I gladly recommend it to anyone. I expected something good from your firm, and I have received a Wireless Set which is extraordinary good."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

For Bargains—See pages 2 & 3 and "Small Ads. worth Watching" on p. 16

"I Was Bald All Over the Top of My Head"

His Hair Grew by using KOTALKO

OLDHAM.

"For two years I was bald all over the top of my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. **I used Kotalko.** New hair came almost immediately, and kept on growing. **In a short time I had a splendid head of hair."**
H. A. WILD.

Thousands of men and women have regrown fine new heads of hair by using KOTALKO and Kotalko Soap. They re-grow the hair by freeing the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and all other poisonous and malodorous pore-cloggings, softening the hardened scalp and restoring its healthful colour, and reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair roots.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Whether your hair is thin or falling out, or full of dandruff, or if you are nearly bald—use KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 8, Percy St (53-55), London, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

Every Sufferer from

INDIGESTION

knows this to be true

He Wants Three Things and Wants Them Quickly.

1st Immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fulness, palpitation or flatulence.

2nd His inflamed or weakened stomach protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out.

3rd Help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All of these requirements are fully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder.

1st On entering the stomach it neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain and flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

2nd A valuable ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

3rd Another ingredient digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

By persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food without help.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

DE WITT'S

ANTACID POWDER

Sold by all chemists at **1/6**

If you live in agony from piles, get MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

You cannot be well if your kidneys are ailing

If you have Kidney Trouble, however slight, Nature gives you drastic warning before very long. Usually this warning takes the form of a dull, nagging ache in the back, and if not heeded will soon make your life a misery. You will be unable to do your work, and sleepless nights will still further weaken you. Rheumatism, swollen, hot and inflamed joints bring home to you even more forcibly that your kidneys are crying out for relief.

Your kidneys, weakened by a chill or shock, or overworked through faulty dieting, are not doing their job of cleansing and filtering the blood. Not only are they choked and clogged with waste matter, but they are not cleansing the blood of uric acid, bacteria and other impurities, and so your whole system is being slowly poisoned.

Suspect Kidney Trouble if you have
RHEUMATISM BACKACHE
BLADDER TROUBLE SCIATICA
JOINT PAINS LUMBAGO
DISTURBED NIGHTS
or any Urinary Irregularities

Start taking De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills which act directly on the kidneys. They begin their healing work by reducing the inflammation in the kidneys, and toning them up so that they work perfectly once more. That backache stops, the awful pains die down, and as De Witts Pills gently cleanse and strengthen your kidneys you will become healthy and pain-free again. The relief brought by De Witts Pills is permanent because they remove the cause of your trouble. Be sure you get the genuine

DE WITTS

BRAND

KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS

Prices 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

3/- size now contains 25% more

The EDITOR *Laughs* LAST

Doctor (Wandsworth).—"Quite small things sometimes prevent people from enjoying a good night's rest." Yes, but they grow up in time.

W. S. (London).—"I've suffered from stomach trouble since I became a chauffeur." Perhaps you're all livery?

CODE EXPERT (Alfreton).—"What did you think of my joke, writing you in invisible ink?" We couldn't see it.

ADMIRER (Camberley).—"Women are an expensive blessing." They are certainly expensive.

CONFECTIONER (Fulham).—"What do you think of Turkish confectionery?" It's sheer delight.

B. T. (Fulham).—"Is it true that a fire can be caused by the sun and a mirror?" After due reflection, yes.

S. C. (Clapham).—"The people I meet at the seaside always seem to be good-tempered.' But aren't the pierrots ruffled?

HALF-MILER (Acton).—"I feel sure that the bandage I put round my ankle helped me to win my race." In fact, you were bound to win.

MRS. E. (Leeds).—"My only complaint is that my husband, who is a cocktail shaker, goes with poor companions." Yet he must be able to mix well.

N. P (Leicester).—"I now travel in cotton underwear." Whereas we have decided not to cast a clout until the month is out.

M. H. (Essex).—"The girls in my laundry kept threatening to strike until I bought them new electric irons." But that smoothed things over!

KEEN (Lincoln). — "What our local cricket club needs is a conscientious groundsman." One who will do his level best.

ANNOYED (Slough).—"The landowner absolutely refused to let us cross his land, so much to our chagrin the race had to be postponed." You were, of course, a party of cross-country runners.

PATER (Bedford).—"I despair of my son ever settling down, for he seems quite satisfied to let us do everything for him. I am afraid, too, that he indulges in petty pilfering." He is taking things too easily.

POET (Chelsea).—"I write verses to my heart's content." Who is she?

GROCER (Wishaw).—"My eggs should always be fresh as they all come from the country." Yes, but what country?

P. L. (Chertsey).—"To be successful a doctor needs a certain amount of push." And a dentist, pull.

M. F. (Devizes).—"Do you think we shall ever have the sun all the year round?" It is.

FARMER (Exeter).—"One of my calves goes everywhere with me." Both of ours do.

MISS R. O. (Coventry).—"I am not satisfied with my boy's calling." Doesn't he call often enough?

W. S. (St. Andrews).—"Hikers consider it lucky to pick up a bent pin." Not so bikers.

CURIOUS (Selkirk).—"What is cold porridge a cure for?" Coming down late for breakfast.

DOCTOR (Manchester).—"Sun-bathing is good for neuralgia." Yes, we got ours that way.

G. P. S. (Hounslow).—"My girl won't walk out with me if I'm in uniform. What would you advise?" Change.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

L. E. Y. (Bath).—"I went for my neighbour because his dog killed my prize rabbits." Did the fur fly?

ENGINE-DRIVER (Euston).—"There are some men who cannot do their business on straight lines." You mean they are on a loop line?

F. O. (Southampton).—"While yachting the other day I inadvertently ran something sharp into my foot." You were on the wrong tack!

C. T. (Ripley).—"I had to admit to the guard that I had locked the carriage door and then lost the key." In other words, you couldn't get out of it?

VANITY (Oxford).—"I keenly anticipate washing my face in the dew of a June morning." But surely you are not going to wait until then?

SCIENCE (Hertford).—"The words of a wireless announcer are flung into space at the rate of 186,000 miles per second." What he says certainly goes.

R. T. L. (Fleet Street).—"I know a publisher's doorkeeper who has written a volume of poems." Publishers' doorkeepers frequently turn out poets.

TOM S. (Liverpool).—"When I was a youth I stowed away a lot on board steamers." Personally, our appetite at sea has always been wretched.

D. C. (Skegness).—"I get wearied beyond expression in trying to deal with the taxing department." It taxes you severely, in other words.

VIOLET (Derby).—"I gave in my notice because all I had to do was to put stamps on thousands of letters. It was very monotonous." You just couldn't stick it?

WATCH-MAKER (Birmingham).—"I seem to have gone all to pieces lately, so have applied for a winding-up order." You are evidently run down.

FRUITERER (Leeds).—"I was very angry when I found that the motorist had scattered my fruit all over the road." He upset your apple-cart, evidently.

DONALD (Chelmsford).—"In my eagerness to join my fiancée staying at a country hotel, I ran across fields, leaping hedges and ditches." Yet it is said that love knows no bounds.

MICK (Bromley).—"I have just returned from a holiday in the country, and have come to the conclusion that there is much more in farming than meets the eye." That pig-sty around the corner, for instance.

Stowaway: "I told you there wouldn't be room for a honest stowaway on her first trip out!"

(From "The Passing Show")

F. N. (Chester).—"Fat men make many friends." They're widely known.

JOURNALIST (Fleet Street).—"I want to start a journal for harmonica-players." A mouth organ?

FIREMAN (London, W.).—"There were two fire-engines and sixteen of my colleagues at my wedding." But no escape?

V. V. (Ventnor).—"To eat, drink and be merry carries penalties." For to-morrow we diet.

B. B. (Burnley).—"A tanner on a gee-gee doesn't make the worker a worse man, does it?" A better.

INTERESTED (Plymouth).—"A new idea in ships' rudders is to be put forward." Not aft?

DOCTOR (London, S.).—"I am due to retire and live in the country, but don't know what to call my house." Why not "Bedside Manor"?

J. M. (Finchley).—"I am not even touched by my wife's caustic allusions to the state of the garden." Nor is the garden

WORRIED (Liverpool). — "The tourist agency I am interested in, although doing a fair amount of business, is on the verge of bankruptcy." A going concern in every way.

H. W. (Gloucester).—"I first met my wife on the beach at Bognor." Now win another "holiday prize"—there are 100 offered for *Bullets* on page 47.

PARENT (Harefield).—"I cannot understand why, although the holidays are longer, the school fees of my children increase." You consider that the terms should follow the terms?

PEGGY (Hendon).—"He told me my name suited me because Peggy was short for Pegasus. What did he mean?" Pegasus was an immortal steed—in other words, an everlasting nag.

F. L. (Coventry).—"I ask you, what have the young people in this country got to look forward to?" The only thing we can think of at the moment is the summer holidays.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

WORTHING HERALD:—"An audience sat in WRAPPED attention in the Town Hall listening to one of the world's master pianists."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—"Have you been to INSECT the —— Homes at ——?"

DAILY SKETCH:—"The party will join the liner at VERSAILLES."

THE NORTHERN WHIG AND BELFAST POST:—". . . on the ground that contracts by way of gaming and wagering were DULL and void."

MORECAMBE AND HEYSHAM VISITOR AND LANCASTER ADVERTISER:—"The —— Church was a place of historic interest, and FORTUNATELY a large number of people who visited it did not know how to behave."

DIOCESAN CHURCH MAGAZINE:—"We want new members—several of our old and TIRED friends have gone."

THE DAGENHAM POST:—"When a pony attached to a TRAY bolted. . . ."

"JOHN BULL'S" BIG SURPRISE!

A wonderful **Free Presentation** for every reader—that's "John Bull's" big surprise the week after next to celebrate its 30th Birthday. Watch for it!

NO SOAP—NO BRUSH
SHAVEX
REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

Millions are now using SHAVEX all over the world. Beware of imitations.

THROW AWAY YOUR SOAP AND BRUSH AND USE THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SHAVING which takes a quarter of the time. We guarantee that one can have a perfect shave in two minutes with SHAVEX.

SHAVEX is without doubt the most perfect way of Shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the beard and smearing on a little Shavex—and then a perfect shave. Shavex contains Almond Oil, which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin—this takes away the wrinkles and keeps the face in a perfect condition. The Shavex Cream makes the bristles of the beard stand up, when they are easily shaved with the razor. The ordinary creams and soaps flatten the beard and so it is impossible to get the perfect shave. If grass is lying down it is more difficult for the mower to cut than if it is standing up. It is the same with the beard and Shavex. SHAVEX gets between all the hairs and forces the beard to stand up and one can cut it so easily and get a perfect shave.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST WHEN ASKING FOR SHAVEX for a "Shavex" Super Blade. We guarantee it to be the longest lived blade in the world. It is a miracle of sharpness and the smoothest that one can use on the face. Made of Chrome Steel, and honed by our secret process. Money back if disappointed, and postage. These marvellous SHAVEX Blades are now 2d. instead of 4d.

SHAVEX IS SOLD EVERYWHERE IN **6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots**

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY
For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.
Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send with a 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

Good Lord! It's twenty to eight and I have to dress, shave and have my breakfast by eight o'clock, but what's the odds, having Shavex it only takes a minute or two to shave.

Hey! Presto! I've had a perfect shave in two minutes. I washed, and while my face was still moist I smeared Shavex over it, and with the use of a Shavex Super Blade I've had the finest shave that anyone could ever have. I feel as fresh as a daisy.

Now I've got ten minutes to have my breakfast and a nice walk and catch the 8.15 train. When I think of the old soap and brush method with my face all smarting and the time it took me, Shavex is indeed a godsend. Since I have used Shavex everybody tells me how well and young I look. It's the Shavex Cream containing Almond Oil which I rub in after I shave that preserves my skin and keeps the wrinkles away.

HUMANITY

Mrs. VIOLET VAN DER ELST, Editor and Publisher of "Humanity."

A 60-Page Magazine for 6d.

To be obtained at Smith's Bookstalls and Wyman's, and all Newsagents.

The most outspoken paper in the World. Speaks only the Truth.

Professor A. M. Low and many celebrated writers contribute.

YOGI Teaching by Kuda Bux, which teaches you never to know illnesses, and the control of every part of your body.

Read of Mrs. Van der Elst's arrest.

10,000 people outside the Strangeways Gaol, Manchester. Read of her struggles in "HUMANITY," and how she was arrested. More than three parts of the people were in sympathy. There is a price now on her head.

"HUMANITY" deals with mysteries; is against blood sports, vivisection, capital punishment and Sadism. Speaks each month of the most brutal sadists of all times.

5 FREE GIFTS Value 3/6 sent to every reader sending the coupon contained in the June issue, price 6d.

DOGE CREAM The Wonder Face Cream, made with the Purest Oils. **ZEE-KOL OINTMENT** The Wonder Skin Cure.
ZEE-KOL SOAP The Perfect Medicated Almond Oil Toilet Soap. **SPA-SEL SALTS** The Foundation of Radiant Health.
ZEE-KOL PILLS A Wonderful Tonic to the System.

If unable to get a copy, HUMANITY will be sent post free from (Dept. J.B.), 46, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

SKIN DISEASES
Disappear in a Night
WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of Imitations.

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying some of the big Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL
The Wonder Skin Remedy

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON
For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.13), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP
Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it
CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

"You play divinely, my darling, but I am a little distracted gazing at your beauty—and your complexion is the most perfect I have ever seen. And what is this glorious perfume that you use?"

FIANCEE: "You flatterer! I do not use any perfume. I use the most perfect soap that I have ever used in my life—it is called Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap, and it is only 6d. a tablet, instead of 2/6, as I paid for other soaps which were not so good, and the lovely perfume comes from this Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. The Almond Oil keeps my face young and, as you say, beautiful." Everyone should try this beautiful soap—originally 1/- per tablet, now 6d.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a Perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. S14), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

WIN THIS HUGE 3-IN-1 HOLIDAY PENSION

prize for "JOHN BULL'S" ENTERTAINING X-WORD

30! WEEKLY FOR LIFE
and £300 CASH
HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY
£150 Increased Holiday Prize for Runners-up
£50 EXTRA HOLIDAY BONUS for Runners-up from whom we receive Two 6d. entries in the same envelope
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS To each sender of solution containing one error more than runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer...
TO BE DESPATCHED WED., JUNE 10

FIRST PRIZE WON OUTRIGHT IN X-WORD NO. 16—SEE PAGE 45.

PRESENTED on this page is the nineteenth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following: —

The Editor of JOHN BULL;

Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A., Goldsmiths' Reader in English, Oxford University; and

Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., Oxford, D.Lit., Head of Department of Philosophy, Birkbeck College, University of London.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, June 11, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly *Crossword Gazette*, obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than Friday, May 29.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly *Crossword Gazette* or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry Fee of 2s.

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 11. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, June 16, in accordance with the directions given with result, and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both across and down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

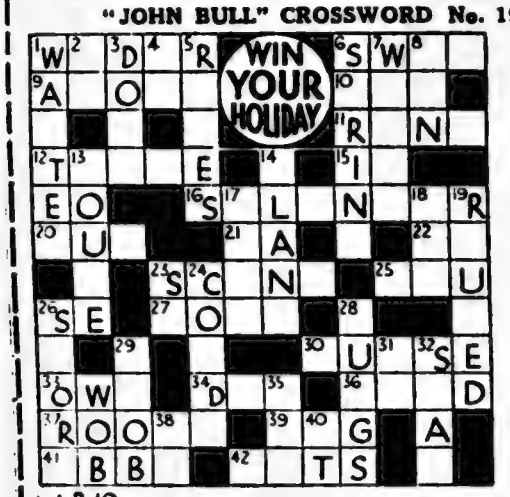
4.—Should First Prize be shared, £300 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

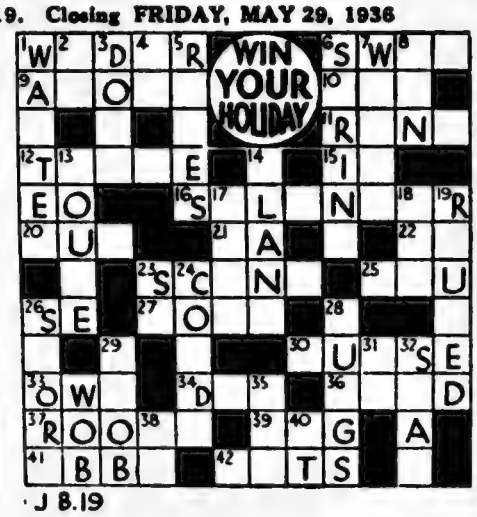
6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

★ THIS COMPETITION IS OPEN TO ALL READERS

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 19. Closing FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1936



J 8.19



J 8.19

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

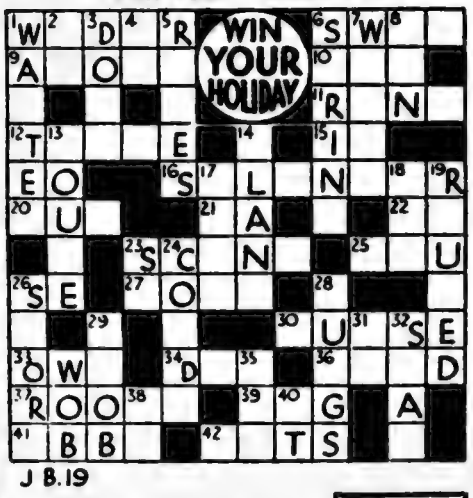
SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 19. Closing FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1936



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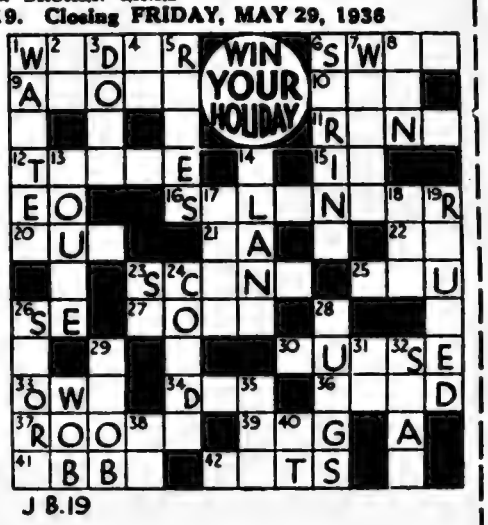

J 8.19

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 19, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

FOR 24 PAGES OF CROSSWORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

Your "Crossword Gazette" brings reasons for Committee's findings and other valuable weekly help.

FREE!

Register me for six weeks' FREE "Crossword Gazette"—I have affixed two 1½d. stamps to this coupon for postage.

Name .....

Address .....

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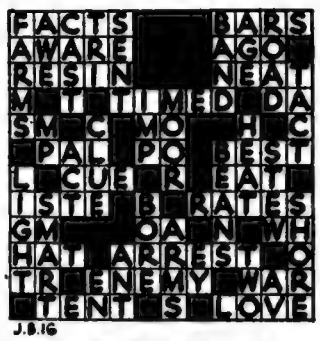
AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE

AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE



J.8.16

X-WORD No. 16

WINNERS ON PAGE 45.

The most meritorious Answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those seen in the Square above.

Reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 16 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette," which can be obtained by filling up and forwarding the coupon given below.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Type of long-legged bird that wades
6. Many are accustomed to one first thing every morning
9. Good cigar gives off a pleasant one
10. Bacon is fried in
11. Slipping on this may cause one's downfall
12. Plural of this
15. Half isle in mist
16. One of wood in finger is painful
20. Helps you over an attack of cold feet
21. In both glass and plate
22. Begin loudly here
23. Many trees in gardens provide a lovely one
25. Australian bird that runs
27. Animal sometimes called giddy
30. In illness, many demands are usually made upon
33. Possess a thing in brown
34. Is usually fast
36. Friend is this is a friend indeed
37. Airman looks down on when flying over town
39. University students often indulge in a riotous one
41. Tide goes out when it does this
42. Bowlers can make quite good ones

DOWN

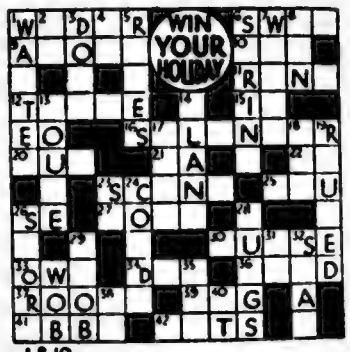
1. He usually depends on others' generosity
2. Piece of harness in cart
3. May prove a dangerous drug for some people
4. Seen twice in emblem
5. They usually have unpleasant followers
6. Helps runners at beginning of quarter-mile race
7. Skirt is fastened round this
8. Village one is often picturesque
13. Where M.P.'s sit
14. To make the most of one in garden, you need good knowledge of flowers
17. Is put in as defence to a charge
18. Stately English tree
19. It makes one look red to be this
23. Both ends of swing
24. Singers' throats may be upset by these
26. Where bathing costumes are seen to best advantage
28. Weak ones may prove dangerous for climber
29. Many a one is just made of brass
31. Piece of thread in dress
32. Is often taken on the ice
35. Are reversed in camera
38. Free State in short
40. Middle of path

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

TO HELP YOU WIN

COPY SQUARES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions and are not accepted as entries.



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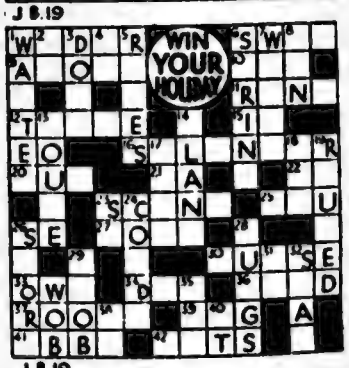

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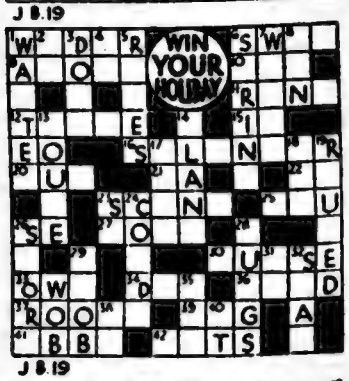

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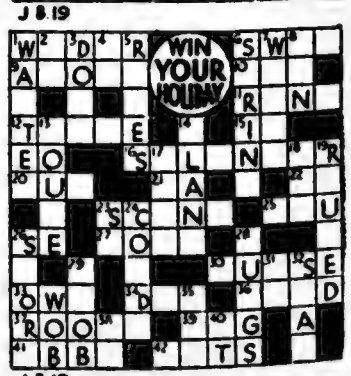


J 8.19

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE: A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

£100 in cash for Mrs. Light-Blonde's Answer!

Miss Brown-Blonde is asking Mrs. Light-Blonde about the shampoo she uses. What is Mrs. Light-Blonde's answer? Write down what you think she will say. What you write may bring you £20—see below for other prizes, etc.

ONLY A MONTH AGO YOUR HAIR WAS DULL AND BROWNISH LIKE MINE NOW IT'S LOVELY AND SHADES LIGHTER. WHAT SHAMPOO DO YOU USE ?
I USE STA-BLOND BECAUSE....
Miss Brown-Blonde
Mrs. Light-Blonde

One STA-BLOND washed her hair 4 shades lighter, safely without that bleached look

Here are some of the reasons why Blondes like Sta-blond best, they may help you to write your statement (50 words or less) :

1. It lightens the hair 2-4 shades at least.
2. Your friends can't say your hair is bleached.
3. The light blond hair makes the face prettier.
4. It prevents light blond hair from darkening.
5. It brings back to blond hair that has gone mousy or brown, the rich golden colour of childhood.
6. It makes the hair gleam with thousands of golden glints like sunshine.
7. It makes the permanent wave last longer.
8. It gives the hair that shining silkiness.

And many other reasons too numerous to name.

£20 if you write the best statement!
£15 if you write the second best!
£10 if you write the third best!
£5 if you write the fourth best!
AND 50 other PRIZES of £1

Simply write a statement of not more than 50 words, giving your idea of what Mrs. Light-Blonde would reply to Miss Brown-Blonde's question. Write clearly, with your name and address under your statement. Attach the empty yellow and blue STA-BLOND envelope and send to Sta-blond Laboratories Ltd., Dept.JB/5/2, 10 Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

4,000,000 natural blondes all over the world use STA-BLOND for their hair—what greater proof could exist that it is the best blond hair shampoo in the world. Buy yours today and if it is not the most wonderful thing you have ever used simply ask for your money back.

ENTRIES CLOSE MAY 31

UNTIL DIRT-BRED GERMS COST ME MY ARM

This is the sort of thing which the dangers of dirt constantly lead to. It may happen in your home next week—to-morrow, if you are leaving yourself open to the dangers of infection from dirt-bred germs.

Only by doing away with *all* dirt can you be really safe. If you leave a scrap of dirt behind germs may breed and lie in wait to infect the tiniest cut or graze, and to attack a run-down system. Use a soap that takes dirt completely away—use Family Health Soap *always*.

– he thought

–still not healing, growing worse

TERRIBLE FACIAL ERUPTION

"I had a bad breaking-out on the right side of my jaw. It got worse, and I was compelled to stay indoors owing to its spreading round my chin. One night I washed my face and chin with Family Health and dabbed the affected part very carefully. Like magic, the irritation stopped."

Testimonial No. 10780

You owe to yourself and to everyone in your home to see that washing with Family Health Soap becomes a habit.

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP
2½d per tablet
two tablet 5d carton
also oversize tablet 3d
WHERE THERE'S DIRT THERE'S DANGER
PROTECT YOUR HOME AND YOURSELF WITH

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

BCM 2B-172 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, LONDON, E.16

"Rot!"

I'll Prove *in the first 7 days* YOU can have a Body like mine!

—CHARLES ATLAS

Holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

DON'T get the idea that it takes a lot of time and hard work for you to get smashing strength and powerful muscles! And don't think you need a room full of apparatus. Both these ideas are all rot—and I have PROVED it! All I need is 7 days to prove what I can do for you! And I don't need any gadgets, either. I don't believe in artificial methods that may strain your vital organs for life!

DYNAMIC TENSION IS ALL I NEED

Above you see an actual photo of how I look to-day. No muscles have been "painted" on. This is the camera's honest proof of what I did for MY body. Now I'm ready to prove what my secret of *Dynamic Tension* can do for YOURS. I used to be a physical wreck, a 7-stone weakling, flat-chested, arms and legs like broom-sticks. I was worried; I studied myself. Then I found a new way to build myself up—a way that was simple, natural, quick and sure! *Dynamic Tension* is what I call it. In a short time I had the body that has won for me the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

This Secret Has Helped Thousands

Thousands of others now know from their own personal experience what *Dynamic Tension* has done for them. They were just as frail and puny as I once was. Now they are life-sized examples of what a man can and ought to be. My interesting book, filled with pictures, tells my story—and theirs.

48-Page Book FREE

This coupon brings you my free book, which tells all about it. No cost or obligation. I just want to give you proof that I can do for you what I have done for so many others; give you broad, powerful shoulders, biceps that bulge with smashing strength, a chest which stands out solid and muscular, and an evenly-developed body that will make others look like dwarfs next to you. Post this coupon TO-DAY. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 13-E, Shell-Mex House, London, W.C.2.

CHARLES ATLAS Dept. 13-E, Shell-Mex House, London, W.C.2

I want the proof that your system of *Dynamic Tension* will make a New Man of me. Send me your book, "*Everlasting Health and Strength*" FREE.

Name .....
Please print or write plainly.

Address .....

.....

LIFE PENSION, £500 AND FIRST MILLIONAIRE'S WEEK-END WON IN X-WORD NO. 16.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 16, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious Answers on one Square (see page 44) were those submitted by:

W. H. PENNY, 1, AINSLEE STREET, ULVERSTON, LANCS.

who, subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, will receive a Pension of £6 Monthly for Life, £500 in cash and a Millionaire's Week-end in London for two, or a lump sum of 750 Guineas cash.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, May 26, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 35 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Square received. These winners will each receive £2 17s. 2d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified. An additional £50 will be divided between Runners-up from whom "John Bull" received more than one sixpenny coupon in same envelope.

A New Surprise Award for each of 288 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer, will be posted on May 20.

WOULD YOU LIKE A FREE SAMPLE OF BIRDS CUSTARD?

THEN SEIZE This SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY NOW—Before it's too late!

HOUSEWIVES! Here's a unique present for you! A Special New Size Packet of Birds Custard containing four half-pints, FREE! This packet of Birds is yours for the asking. All you have to do to get one of these New Size packets is to send your name and address to Birds Custard, Dept. D.Q27, Thames House, Millbank, London. Cut this out for your immediate attention. Offer appears on p. 31.

GLANDS and VIRILITY

Are properly functioning glands the secret of sparkling vitality? Scientists are agreed that decline in power and virility in a man depends on the rate in which energy is "burned up." Nervous debility, lassitude, inability to concentrate, depression, physical and mental exhaustion, from whatever cause arising, are signs of a deficiency in the system of certain vital gland-secretions. By stimulating your glands you can "put back the clock of the years" and achieve super-abundant virility, a capacity for work and play such as you have never before experienced. DOVIM (for Men) and DOVITE (for Women) Rejuvenation Tablets are a marvellous combination of the world's finest and purest glandular extracts with certain precious herbal substances from the East. Write to-day for full particulars and a free copy of a secret-revealing little book which should be read by every adult. Address: INTERNATIONAL LABORATORIES LTD., DEPT. 138, 30-42, SMEDLEY ST., LONDON, S.W.8.

● To keep homes clean and healthful, use Keating's regularly. Most efficient and economical of all insecticides. Cartons: 2d., 6d. and 1/-

KEATING'S KILLS

BEETLES, MOTHS, FLEAS etc., even Bugs

BUT IT MUST BE KEATING'S

What To Eat to get STRENGTH-BUILDING MINERALS & FOOD IODINE into Blood and Glands!

Experts in Nutrition Say Regular Ration of 12 Essential Life-Giving MINERALS and FOOD IODINE Is Needed To Build Up Weak, Thin, Run-Down, Ailing People — Give Them New Health, Energy, Endurance, *Without use of Drugs.*

If you are weak, "skinny," ill, prematurely ageing, and run-down—if you go around always tired, nervous, irritable, easily upset, the chances are you are suffering from malnutrition. Your blood is thin, pale and watery—lacks the nourishment needed to build up your health, strength, endurance and the solid pounds of new flesh you need to feel fit.

Science has at last got down to the real trouble of these conditions, and explains an easy, quick way to correct them. Food and medicines can't help you much. The average persons usually gets enough of the right kind of food to sustain the body. The real trouble is assimilation, the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, strength, health and energy. Tiny hidden glands, particularly the Thyroid, control body-weight and strength—glands which require a regular ration of the 12 essential life-giving minerals and FOOD IODINE (not the ordinary chemical iodine which often proves toxic nor iodine fumes, but the iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach, lettuce, etc.).

The simplest and quickest way to get these precious needed substances into the blood and glands is "VIKELP" Tablets, the astonishing MINERAL and FOOD IODINE concentrate from the Pacific Ocean — 1,300 times richer in iodine than oysters, hitherto considered the richest source. With "VIKELP" Tablets' FOOD IODINE you quickly normalize your weight and strength-building glands, promote assimilation, enrich the blood and build up a source of enduring strength. "VIKELP" Tablets, too, contain the 12 other precious vitally needed body minerals (Chlorine, Potassium, Calcium, Copper, etc.) so sadly lacking in the cooked foods we eat and without which good digestion is impossible. Absolutely free from drugs.

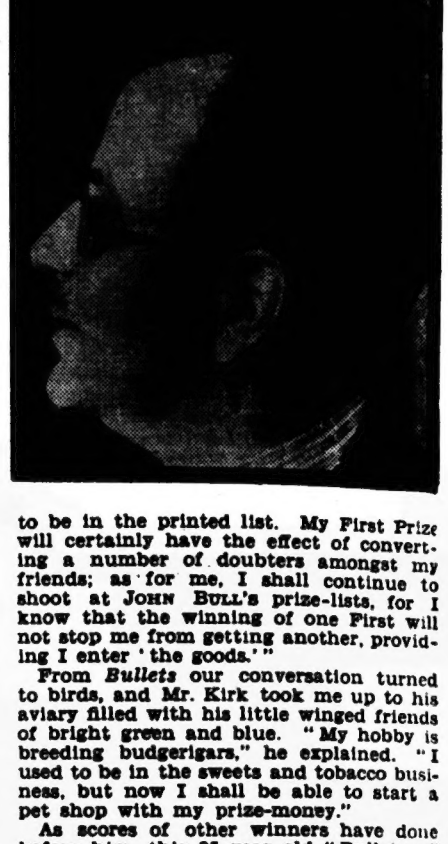
Whatever you've tried before try "VIKELP" for 10 days—your own doctor will approve of this way. Notice how much better you feel, how well you sleep, how your appetite improves and colour comes back into your cheeks, how your body is not only rejuvenated but malnutrition, faulty metabolism, rheumatism, goitre, constipation, gastritis, and other systemic illnesses, as shown in the panel above, are corrected or disappear entirely. Resistance is built up against "common colds" and other ordinary systemic disorders. If you do not feel wonderful, eat, sleep and work better and do not add lbs. of good, solid flesh after the first 10 days, the trial is free. They cost but little. 40 tablets 1/9d., 100 3/6d., 225 6/9d., 675 17/6d. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 3/6d. for 100-tablet trial treatment to Dept. JB/5/3. Health Products Laboratories Ltd., 10 Henrietta St., Cavendish Sq., London, W.1.

HOW VIKELP TABLETS PRECIOUS MINERALS INCREASE WEIGHT AND IMPROVE HEALTH

Its rich supply of	*Corrects*
Iodine ..	Goitre, skinniness, low vitality, bad skin, faulty metabolism, nerves.
Iron ..	Anæmia, headaches, weakness.
Copper ..	Anæmia, loss of vigour.
Calcium ..	Stomach trouble, rickets, eczema impaired teeth during pregnancy.
Phosphorus	Mental exhaustion, subnormal growth.
Sodium ..	Stomach, kidney and bladder disorders, rheumatism.
Potassium ..	Acidosis, bad heart, constipation.
Magnesium	Skin disease, bad skin.
Sulphur ..	Constipation, blood and liver disorders, nervousness.
Manganese	Anæmia, gout, general debility.

VIKELP Brand *Body Building Tablets*

"I WASN'T SURPRISED!" declares £600 WINNER



"NO, I wasn't a bit surprised!" This, reports a JOHN BULL man, was the remark that surprised me when I called on Mr. J. T. R. Kirk, 20, Nowell View, Harehills, Leeds.

I had come to congratulate this level-headed Yorkshireman on winning the splendid First Prize of £600 in our 1,025th *Bullets* Contest. Most of the big winners whom it is my job to interview assure me that the arrival of JOHN BULL'S golden Joy Wire with the great news had staggered them, but not so Mr. Kirk.

"At last that long-awaited telegram has arrived," was what he said. "I have always maintained that one day I should make up a *Bullet* that would put me at the top of the prize-list."

It was after several years of consistent success with smaller prizes, I learned, that Mr. Kirk achieved his ambition by entering his powerful First Prize effort, GIANT DESPAIR—CAN'T REACH "UPLIFTED" CHIN.

"Although I keep a record of all my entries," he told me, "that is the only *Bullet* that stuck in my mind for days as likely to win a big prize.

"I remember quite well how I came to make it up," Mr. Kirk continued. "I had selected an *Example* in my usual way and started to look for some ideas in connection with it. 'Giant' suggested fighting, and that put Carnera in my mind. I thought next of 'knocking out hope,' but that seemed too obvious. A little more thought gave me my winning paradox.

"I have been a fairly regular winner of minor awards," this enthusiastic "Bulleteer went on to recall, "but this is my first winning *Bullet* to be in the printed list. My First Prize will certainly have the effect of converting a number of doubters amongst my friends; as for me, I shall continue to shoot at JOHN BULL'S prize-lists, for I know that the winning of one First will not stop me from getting another, providing I enter 'the goods.'"

From *Bullets* our conversation turned to birds, and Mr. Kirk took me up to his aviary filled with his little winged friends of bright green and blue. "My hobby is breeding budgerigars," he explained. "I used to be in the sweets and tobacco business, but now I shall be able to start a pet shop with my prize-money."

As scores of other winners have done before him, this 35-year-old "Bulleteer" paid warm tribute to the part played by *Bullets Bulletin* in gaining his big success. "I have taken it for years," were his words. "Apart from the 'Verdict of the Court' telling you why you lost, I think its Judging Contests are most valuable."

* * *

If you are not registered to receive a free regular supply of *Bullets Bulletin*, post off the easy Reservation Coupon opposite with your entry for this week's fine Holiday Offer. The invaluable guidance of this bright little weekly is just what you need to score success in *Bullets* giant campaign of Holiday prizes.

HERE'S YOUR HOLIDAY RADIO!

See next week's offer

Big Cheques and Radiograms Won this Week!

First Prize £500—COMPETITION No. 1,027

C. McKERROW, 90, Main Street, Prestwick, Ayrshire.

Example: SPEEDING

Bullet: YOU DON'T "SEE NATURE."

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

S. S. PARFITT, 49, Allen Street, Mountain Ash, Glam.

Example: Moving On

Bullet: *Itself*, "League Policeman's" Duty.

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

Mrs. A. JOHNSON, 97, Belle Vue Road, Ipswich, Suffolk.

Example: In All Her Glory

Bullet: My "Queen"—"Palace" Topsy-turvy!

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: J. MACKIE, 97, Katesgrove Lane, Reading.
More Light—"Through" Churches, When "Solid."

£15: R. J. BOSTOCK, 5, Brown Street, Leigh, Lancs.
More Light—"Dark Tombs" Give Archæologists.

£10: W. J. MITCHELL, 6, Victoria Road, Elgin.
Without Cupid—Woe *To Be Tied.*

£9: W. J. STONE, 83, Dovercourt Road, East Dulwich, S.E.
Speeding—"Icy Hand," Armaments "Snowball."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£8: E. H. HOOPER, 6, South Park, Weeting, nr. Brandon, Suffolk.
Girl He's Waiting For—"Coming, Dear! Comfortable, Mum?"

£7: H. VOSE, 133, Queen's Road, Blackburn.
Poor Joke—And Hide Poverty's "Point."

£6: R. McCRACKEN, 23, The Crescent, Shirley, nr. Birmingham.
Without Cupid—Many "Names" Never "Carved."

£5: Mrs. E. M. CALVERT, "Burnside," Croft, Wainfleet.
Never Stopping—Human Machines—Hence "Cobwebs."

£4: T. DODDS, 52, Green Lane, Selby, Yorks.
His Fortune—"Trickled Away"—"Gushing" Ceased.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£3: H. C. RICKETTS, 63, Girton Avenue, London, N.W.
An Insult—Europe Awaits—Weapons Chosen!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

12 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

T. W. ALLUM, 33, Somerford Grove, London, N.
Touched Me—"Recital" *Chalked* On Organ.

M. J. BARKER, 13, Goodliff Street, Poplar, E.
Amused The Neighbours—Newlywed's Gas-oven "Committed Suicide"!

W. F. BAZIN, 2, Orpington Mansions, Orpington Road, Wincnmore Hill, N.
Regrets—"*Echoes*" Setting Up "*Mountains.*"
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

A. B. CASSFORD, 71, Broadway, Sandown, I.O.W.
Dad's A Milkman, So—Isn't Alone, Cursing "Calling."

F. CRAWLEY, 48, Hampton Road, Southport.
Wondering Why—Fires Occur, Lighting Ours!

C. GARRETT, 4, Queens Road, Askern, nr. Doncaster.
Henpeck's Holiday—In Hospital—*Saucepan* "Travelled."

G. R. GATES, 6, Lower Bank Road, Fulwood, Preston.
Here And There—Ripple—Fish Laughing. Apparently!

Miss L. HOULDEN, c/o 37, Hornby Street, Oswaldtwistle, Accrington.
Without Cupid—Wedded—Through Cupid, Divorced.

C. MORRIS, Castle House, Kidwelly, Carm.
Girl He's Waiting For—"Above" Him, Inspiring "Climb."

L. SCANNELL, 63, Warren Avenue, Bromley, Kent.
Victor And Vanquished—Both "Out"—Lawyers "Counting."

Mrs. D. SCOTT, 8, Main Drive, Oosewood, Roynton, Lancs.
Pessimist's Road—Holidays Help To *Empty.*

J. H. THOMAS, 91, Nutbourne Street, London, W.
Henpeck's Holiday — Enjoyed — Swimming Caused Deafness!

Each of the above winners will also receive an £11 11s. Burgoyne Radiogram.

A list of 25 winners of £1 and 500 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

A FREE GIFT FOR YOUR KIDDIES *of a Model Glider!*

Turn to Page 30 cut out and save the Coupon!

THERE'S lots of fun waiting for your children with the ingenious Quaker model Glider which you can get absolutely FREE just by sending in the Coupons cut from the side of two packets of "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice (or one of each). These delicious cereal foods are ready to serve straight from the packet. So if you want to give your kiddies a double treat accept this unique offer now! Use the special coupon on page 30!

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs.

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. If Kidney or Bladder Trouble makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Sles-tex). Must bring new health and vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's and all chemists, and the guarantee protects you.

FREE!

Test, free of charge, the wonderful properties of "Pepsodent Toothpaste," or "Pepsodent Tooth Powder," the new method which keeps the teeth white and brilliant and prevents dental decay. You can try either free by writing, mentioning "John Bull," and enclose 1½d. stamp to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to the Pepsodent Co. (Dept. 69), Park Royal Rd., London, N.W., or by simply filling in the Coupon on page 27. Tick which you prefer—toothpaste or powder. Don't delay but accept this unique offer now by turning to p. 27 and clipping out the Coupon!

Wonderful Bargains *for* WOMEN!

DON'T overlook the Ambrose Wilson offers on the Back Cover. Just a small deposit (in some cases only a 1/-) secures any of the attractive bargains of Frocks, Shoes or Corselettes illustrated. Balance by simple monthly instalments. Guaranteed satisfaction or money refunded!

HOW TO ORDER! Just fill in the Coupon on the Back Cover for the bargain you want and enclose with FULL NAME and ADDRESS and Postal Order for amount of deposit and postage.

SEND YOUR ORDER NOW!

ONE WEEK ONLY FOR "BULLETS".... 100 FINE HOLIDAY PRIZES!

FINE 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE

£500

and an ideal **FAMILY WEEK-END AT THE SEASIDE** AT "JOHN BULL'S" EXPENSE

Winner, with wife or husband and one, two or three children will be provided with first-class travel to their favourite holiday resort within 100 miles. Luxurious seaside accommodation will be provided from Friday to Tuesday for any week-end before end of August—and "John Bull" will foot the bill!

1030

BIG 2-IN-1 SECOND PRIZE **£50** AND FAMILY WEEK-END AT THE SEASIDE

NEW 2-IN-1 THIRD PRIZE **£25** AND FAMILY WEEK-END AT THE SEASIDE

AND HERE ARE NO FEWER THAN 97 OTHER BIG HOLIDAY OPPORTUNITIES

2 of £10	2 of £9 10s.	2 of £9	2 of £8 10s.	2 of £8	2 of £7 10s.
2 of £7	2 of £6 10s.	2 of £6	2 of £5 10s.	12 of £5	15 of £2 10s.

50 HOLIDAY SURPRISE AWARDS EACH VALUE 37/6

500 of 2/6
4,000 'DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS'
6,000 'STAR TARGETS'

CLOSING SATURDAY, MAY 30

LET "JOHN BULL" PROVIDE YOUR HOLIDAY EXPENSES!

OUR great 1936 campaign to bring Care-free Holidays to senders of bright *Bullets* is now in full swing and here is a fine one-week Offer bringing you no fewer than 10,650 opportunities of reaching the prize-list.

Besides receiving a £500 fortune, this Contest's First Prize-winner will enjoy a glorious Family Seaside Week-end at JOHN BULL's expense. Just think what an unforgettable experience that would be for you and yours—travelling in first-class comfort to your chosen resort, enjoying luxurious accommodation and all the fun of the seaside! Both Second and Third Prize-winners in this seasonable Offer will also be privileged to celebrate their big cash prizes with similar Family Holiday Week-ends. A fine array of bumper cheques supports these three chief 2-in-1 awards and a huge batch of useful new 2-in-1 Holiday Surprises value 37s. 6d. will reward senders of next best *Bullets*.

On Friday, June 12, JOHN BULL's congratulations will arrive in a golden Joy Wire for the winner of that magnificent First Prize, and all the remaining Holiday Prizes will be in winners' hands a few days later.

HOW TO WIN

TO make a Holiday Prize *Bullet*, you have only to convey in neat phrasing any bright idea that occurs to you as you read through the list of *Examples* provided.

Whatever the style of your *Bullet*, see that it consists of TWO, THREE or FOUR words with some apt and original bearing on the particular *Example* used.

To give you an idea of how to go to work, suppose you select the *Example*, SONNY'S BETTER, SO. Your first thought might well be *Trouble For Sister's Sweetheart Again*. This you could speedily improve to the finished *Bullet*, SONNY'S BETTER, SO—SISTER'S SWEETHEART "FEELING SICK."

By studying carefully the successful efforts in *Bullets* 1,027th Contest on the opposite page, you will soon realise how varied are styles of neat phrasing that can bring you success.

Any one of these winners might well have come from your pen, so begin on your *Bullets* with confidence and make sure that they reach Long Acre by Saturday, May 30, the closing date of this fine one-week Holiday Offer.

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 1,030

SHADOW OF FEAR
BIG BULLY
IN LIFE'S ORCHESTRA
MAIN ROAD
WHEN THE LANDLORD CALLED
TEA
LITTLE SUNBEAM
COOL AND CALCULATING
ENJOYING HERSELF
LESSER EVIL
JOB FOR GRUNDY
DAD'S GERANIUMS
DEATH OR GLORY
EARTHLY PARADISE
MAN IN UNIFORM
TOUGH
GLUED TO THE TELEPHONE
TO CATCH THE ROADHOG
IN ARMS
WORK IN PLENTY
STAGGERING
MISTRESS OF THE SEAS
THEIR WEDDING
GRANDPA'S DEAF, BUT
THE LODGER
CAN'T ESCAPE
MAN AT THE WICKET
MEAN
"IS THAT ALL?"
ALGY'S IDEA
HEARD ON THE GREEN
BIG NOISE
SONNY'S BETTER, SO
WHEN SHE GOES HIKING
STIRRING UP TROUBLE
SANDY'S FORTUNE

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

NEW

SERVICE FOR 'BULLETIN' READERS

Your *Bulletin* reservation, made on this coupon, brings not only 48 pages of help with *Bullets* and Crosswords, but a

FREE ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

for you each week.

YOU ARE INVITED TO
ENCLOSE THIS COUPON
WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,030)	P.O. No.	Signed .....
Closing SAT., May 30.	I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,030)	P.O. No.	Signed .....
Closing SAT., May 30.	I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	Address .....

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,030)	P.O. No.	Signed .....
Closing SAT., May 30.	I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Address .....

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,030)	P.O. No.	Signed .....
Closing SAT., May 30.	I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	Address .....

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN COMPETITORS.—Before cutting coupons above, note that the Advertiser (Messrs. Ambrose Wilson, Ltd.) provides on back cover a coupon which you may wish to make use of. If doing so, remember that your "Bullets" may be entered on plain paper instead of coupons.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques of £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,030 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,030, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

A SMALL DEPOSIT

Secures any of these attractive bargains

D.R. 122

For the Not-so-Slim

D.R.122. This charming Model in 100% Art Silk Spun has a white floral check design on a dark ground, which is most attractive. Popular shaped bodice for the full figure; detachable satin vest trimmed small pearl buttons; bow at end of V. Skirt has fancy panel centre front, obtained by sets of pin tucks. Belt has nickel ring, which makes it easily adjustable.
SIZES: Hips 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56 ins. Lengths 44, 46, 48, 50 ins. (Length 52 ins., 2/6 extra.)
COLOURS: Royal Blue, Gloucester Green, Nigger Brown, Dark Navy, Black.

As each garment is specially made for each customer there will be a delay of a few days in delivery.

1/6 **FULL PRICE 10/6**
Sent to you on approval for 1/6, balance 2/6 monthly. Postage 6d.
DEPOSIT

Ambron Belted Corselette

B.C.

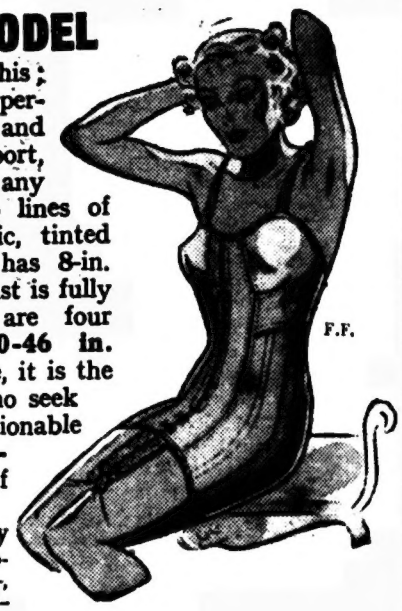
Experience proves this garment the ideal figure-moulding corset and brassiere combined, for in one garment it provides for the needs of slim, medium or full figures; it has adjustable shoulder straps, spiral steel back supports, underbelt with 7 in. busk, surgical elastic hip insets and six suspenders. It is made of strong Tea Rose or White Coutille, in sizes from 30 in. to 46 in. bust.

FULL PRICE 8/11 only.

1/- **DEPOSIT**
Balance 2/- monthly. Postage 4d.

FREE FORM MODEL

A lovely Corselette this; modelled and made for perfect comfort in wear, and velvet soft figure support, without constraint of any kind. It is fashioned to lines of grace in satin-faced fabric, tinted delicate Tea Rose, and has 8-in. bust and back lacing. Bust is fully supported and there are four suspenders. **SIZES: 30-46 in. bust.** Stylish to a degree, it is the perfect wear for those who seek comfort combined with fashionable appearance. See it. Just 1/- deposit then instalments if preferred.



F.F.

FULL PRICE 8/11 only

1/- **DEPOSIT**
Sent on approval for 1/-, balance 2/- monthly. Postage 6d.

Send Now in Time for Whitsun

VALUE for MONEY IN LADIES' SHOES

A.S. 195. A stylish three-eyelet Oxfordette Shoe, made on good fitting last. Covered medium Spanish heel; neatly stitched on vamp and facings. Medium toe; guaranteed bend leather soles. Offered in **Brown Suede, Black Suede, Black Glace, Blue Glace.**
SIZES: 3 to 7 and half sizes.

FULL PRICE 9/11 only

1/- **DEPOSIT**
Balance 2/- Monthly

NO EXTRA COST FOR EASY TERMS

K465

A Very Dainty Frock

K.465 is made in uncrushable Crepe, with pretty multi-coloured design on a white ground. It is cut with smart yoke to bodice, with the new ruched neck, finished rouleau of contrasting colour. Full godet sleeve mounted on net. Three-section straight cut skirt, all round belt at waist, fastened slide to match.

PREDOMINATING SHADES: Princess Blue, Orange, Gloucester Green, Chestnut Brown, or Light Navy.
SIZES: SW. 45, 48. W. 46, 48, 50. WX. 50. (WX. 1/- extra.)

FULL PRICE 10/6 only

1/6 Sent on approval for 1/6, balance 2/6 monthly. Postage 6d.
DEPOSIT

K 442

Beautiful Frock in Art. Silk Marocain

K.442. Much detail is introduced to front of bodice by gauged panel and three rows of hemstitching at neck. Two flowers made of self cording with glass button centres. Straight cut Skirt has pleat each side of panel at front.

SIZES: SW. 44, 46; W. 46, 48, 50; WX. 49 & OS. 49 ins. (WX. 1/- extra, OS. 1/6 extra.)
COLOURS: Kenya Red, Bottle Green, Brazil Brown, New Blue, Old Rose, and Black.

FULL PRICE 9/11

1/- Sent to you on approval or 1/-, balance 2/- monthly. Postage 6d.
DEPOSIT

SEND THIS BARGAIN COUPON NOW!

HOW TO ORDER
Just fill in the coupon for the Bargain you want and enclose with FULL NAME (Mrs. or Miss) AND ADDRESS and Postal Order for amount of deposit and postage. *Overseas full cash only.* **Please cross P.O. thus / / in ink. Write very plainly and post without delay.**

Please send me, on approval, Garment as requested, at present Bargain Price stated above. I enclose the necessary deposit together with postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by the stated monthly instalments. If I return the article unworn, at once, you will refund my deposit. **Post Order to:**

Bargain ..... **No.** .....

Colour .....

Frock Size..... **Length** .....
(Give Hips and Length for D.R. 122.)

F.F. Corselette (Bust) ..... **(Hips)**.....

Belted Corselette (Bust) ..... **(Hips)**.....

Shoe Leather..... **Shoe Size** .....

John Bull, 23/5/36. *No.* 409.

AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd. **409, AMBRON HOUSE, 68, VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1.**

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